

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 323 West 10th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

WHAT SELF-EDUCATED MEN SHOULD READ.

It has been said that newspapers are the principal educators of the American people; and the saying would be true, if they entirely fulfilled their function. But the newspapers, as a rule, confine themselves to the discussion of current events, and they are not at the pains to teach their readers how to qualify themselves to weigh and judge such events in the light of knowledge previously acquired. They confine themselves too exclusively to the distribution and the interpretation of news, forgetting that it lies in their power to indicate the methods by which their multitudinous subscribers, who constitute almost the whole body of citizens, might interpret the news for themselves, form a right judgment upon every urgent question, and, in a word, direct their conduct in all the crises of life.

There is an educational work which only newspapers can perform, because there is no agency, at present operative, mighty enough to compass it. The common school, although its preparatory work is indispensable, is not adequate to the occasion, because boys leave it too early to be forcibly and surely launched upon the path of self-education. Yet it is to self-education, prosecuted, of course, with industry and native ability, that the vast majority of citizens must look for all that they can hope to accomplish; we may even say that there are no exceptions, for even the very small minority of the population who have enjoyed the advantages of a university training, and who have fully profited thereby, have but acquired an impulse and a method, which will amount to nothing unless they are incessantly and wisely turned to account in after life. Now it is the business of newspapers to recognize that the preparation for self-instruction which is procurable at universities is by no means indispensable in order that American citizens shall attain the widest sphere of usefulness, and the very loftiest position in the eyes of their countrymen. Four of the Presidents of the United States—we refer to Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and Grover Cleveland—never had a university education, and of three of them it may be said that they never had such instruction from others as may be gained from a high school or an academy. We might, in the United States, run down the list of eminent statesmen, jurists, advocates, military and naval officers, inventors, scientists, merchants, and men of letters—and still point to similar

proofs that the only effective kind of education is self-won; and that, with the help of judicious suggestion, a young man may win it for himself as well outside a college as in it. This was less true before the invention of printing and the enormous multiplication of books, but at present the problem of self-education, if rightly understood, resolves itself into the simple question: What books shall a man read, and how shall he read them? We purpose to offer some hints upon this subject.

There are, broadly speaking, two kinds of books, and before deciding to which kind he will give most of his available hours, a young man should definitely make up his mind with regard to the calling which he intends to pursue. There is, in the first place, the literature of knowledge; and, in the second place, the literature of power. If a lad wishes to be a lawyer, a legislator, a clergyman or a writer he cannot neglect either of these, but must devote himself to both. If, on the other hand, he desires to be a man of science, or an applier of science as a physician, inventor, manufacturer, engineer or navigator, or if he means to be an agriculturist, or merchant, or banker or broker, or to engage in any of the myriad lines of production and distribution, he needs mainly to concern himself with the literature of knowledge—the literature which deals, in other words, with facts and the deductions from them. It will be his business, primarily, to act, and only secondarily to write or speak. To him, therefore, language will be, not an instrument of persuasion, stimulation or seduction as it is to the orator or poet, but a colorless medium, through which the knowledge essential to his calling is faithfully conveyed. To ultimate success in life, it makes all the difference in the world whether we buy and read books indiscriminately, or with a distinct comprehension of what we need books for. It is in the hope of helping young and resolute students who have fixed upon their specific aims in life, but who are forced to rely on their own efforts for preparation, that we shall try to fulfill what we deem a duty of newspapers and point out some of the books which ought to be mastered, as well as the different methods of reading which should be adopted according to the end in view.

Let us confine ourselves to the great majority of young men who do not look forward to becoming either pleaders at the Bar, preachers or writers; for all others the literature of knowledge will be of incomparably more use than the literature of power, because it will be their business to influence men and attain their specific object, not through words but through deeds. The literature of knowledge, as distinguished from the literature of verbal power, comprises, of course, all the pure sciences as well as all the applied sciences in their innumerable branches; all history and biography in their countless subdivisions; all statistics whether relating to wealth or population, and political economy in the largest sense; or, in other words, all books except those which deal with the expression of thought or of emotion in an artistic way for the purpose of exercising power over human feeling, opinion and action.

We assume that a young man has received only a common school education, and that at an early age he is obliged to support himself: the question for him to consider is how he can best use the two or three hours a day which represent the utmost amount of leisure and surplus vitality at his disposal. We assume, also, that he means to follow some particular kind of industry or trade, or else to become a civil engineer, an electrical engineer, or an architect. Inasmuch as, according to our assumption, he has been cut off from what is generally known as a liberal education, and has at the outset no time to spare for so-called culture, it is of course indispensable that he should determine, as soon as possible, the particular vocation which he means to pursue. If he desires, for instance, to become a civil or electrical engineer, he should obtain a catalogue of one of the leading universities, and carefully note down the text-books prescribed for students who have similar ends in view. If he has profited by his common school education he is at least thoroughly conversant with arithmetic, and with this as a basis, he ought to be able to master algebra, geometry and trigonometry for himself. The work will undoubtedly be more arduous without a teacher than with one; but, nevertheless, it has been repeatedly accomplished.

Having made these instruments of scientific calculation and investigation his own, a young man will find it comparatively easy to comprehend the laws of mechanics or of electricity and their various applications, so far as the theory is concerned. With regard to practice, he must do precisely what has to be done by the graduate of a university; he must seek employment in the office of a civil or electrical engineer. The number of years required for the process of self-instruction on the part of one compelled to give most of his working hours to self-support will probably exceed the length of a university course, but the difference need not be great, if the purpose is unswerving and the native aptitude considerable, and if the concentration of the faculties is complete during the two or three hours a day set apart for intellectual training.

We have dealt thus far with those vocations, the attainment of success in which by self-education is most difficult. It should be comparatively easy for a young man of parts and unflagging industry to qualify himself for any branch of manufacture or trade. Having decided what he wants to do, let him first obtain employment, in no matter how humble a capacity, in that special channel of activity, and then let him train himself for a larger usefulness in that field by an exhaustive study of the aims, the principles, the processes, and the capabilities of that department of industry or business. To that end he may begin by reading the articles treating of the subject in a cyclopedia, as, for instance, Chambers's or the Britannica; he will thus acquire a general conception of the field of work in which he is engaged. For knowledge more extended and detailed, he should have recourse to the special works, many of which he will find enumerated at the close of the cyclopedia article; for further enlightenment he need only ask at any good circulating library for all the important books relating to the kind of trade or manufacture with which he is connected. By prosecuting this line of study with assiduity and energy he will, in time, learn all that can be known, theoretically, regarding the history, the actual condition, and the prospects of his chosen vocation. To what extent he will profit by his knowledge will depend, of course, on his capacity of applying in practice old principles, precedents, analogies and experiments to the ever-varying conditions of modern industry.

Besides the self-acquired specific training needed for the attainment of success in any given kind of business, every man needs also a certain amount of general education in order to perform his duty as a citizen, and to fill a respected place in the community. It is astonishing how few books are really requisite for this purpose, provided they are thoroughly assimilated. There are two documents, for instance, that every American citizen ought to learn by heart; to wit, the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State he lives in. As a matter of fact, not one in a hundred among our university graduates can pass a searching examination in the text of the Federal Constitution; and not one in ten thousand possesses an accurate and exhaustive knowledge of the State Constitution which he is bound to obey. A young man who should have committed to memory both of those documents would already be better instructed from a political point of view than are nine-tenths of those who obtain university degrees. As regards historical information, an excellent foundation can be laid by reading Ranke's Universal History and Bancroft's history of the United States, the latter to be supplemented by some good school history for the period from the adoption of the Constitution down to our own day. If to these be added Curtius's history of Greece, Monssen's history of Rome, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Sismondi's history of the Italian Republics, Henri Martin's history of France, Lingard's history of England, and Justin McCarthy's History of Our Own Time; and, if the facts set forth in these books are so absolutely mastered that they lie at the tongue's end, the self-taught student of history need not fear but that he can hold his own against the average university graduate. It is also expected that educated people shall possess a rudimentary acquaintance with the whole circle of the sciences, from astronomy to zoology; we need not say that the expectation is seldom met in society; the self-taught man will come much nearer meeting it than does the ordinary gradu-

ate if he will but read attentively the elementary treatises contained in Appleton's International Scientific Series. Some knowledge of law, moreover, is necessary for business men, as, indeed, for all members of a civilized community; this can be acquired by a careful perusal of the latest edition of Kent's Commentaries. Finally, a certain acquaintance with literature is, of course, desirable even for those who do not aim to exercise power over thought and emotion from the pulpit, or in the courtroom, or through the press. Here, again, it is surprising how few books are needed, provided they are actually incorporated in the mind; we might almost say that Shakespeare and Milton would suffice, provided one knew them by heart. It is better to know by heart one play by Shakespeare or one book of the *Paradise Lost*, than it is to know by name, or by a cursory perusal, a hundred poets or prose-writers without being able to repeat a single passage from their writings.



BY EDGAR SALTS.

BROCK CUTTING, whose death a fortnight since has been a matter of real regret to a great many people, was a man of a type that is plentiful in Europe and infrequent here. Of excellent family, possessed of a handsome income, he engaged in that most difficult pursuit which is known as Doing Nothing, and he did it very well. In a community like New York men such as he are necessities. The majority of us are so busy that we lack the time to personally investigate the fads and fancies of fashion, to inquire whether coats should be long or short and trousers wide or narrow. You had but to glance at Cutting and you knew. It was his amiable habit to go to London every season and to return with what men should wear. It would have annoyed him very much had he been written up as was young Kip who died last spring, or even as was Sito Onativia, and that for the reason that he dressed, not for others, but for himself. It would have been to him a physical distress to have worn anything which was not precisely what it should have been, but his distress would have been as acute had that which he wore attracted attention. Because of this he was the best dressed man of his day. You never remembered what he had on, yet you felt that his appearance could not have been improved. His manner too was excellent. Without being gifted intellectually, he talked, when he cared to, very well, and he listened even better. Ernest Feydeau, in his "Art of Pleasing," noted that we prefer sympathetic auditors to entertaining conversationalists. And we do. However modest we may be, however convinced we are of our own unimportance, we do, when we have the chance, love to talk of ourselves, and the man or the woman who listens to us as though our affairs were matters of personal interest and concern captures our affection without effort.

At Newport a short time ago I saw a man, who shall be nameless, approach Cutting. I heard Cutting ask him how he was, and I heard the man reply. He was not well, he said, he feared he was to have another attack of neuralgia, he had slept badly, he had not enjoyed his breakfast, and so forth and so on for fully five minutes. Cutting then was dying by inches. He had sorosis of the liver and he knew it. But to that insufferable bore he listened attentively and of his own condition said never a word. Sydney Smith relates that at a dinner, a host, who was carving meat, bespattered a young woman with gravy. "I saw," said he, "five distinct rills of animal juice trickle down that girl's neck, and yet she declared that not a drop had touched her. There," he added, "there was the triumph of civilized life." It was. And when that bore had gone and Cutting turned away I could not but say to myself: There is the triumph of good breeding.

Men like Cutting are, as I noted, needful to us. Though they are of that class of consumers who apparently are not producers, yet their lack of utility is in appearance alone. As a nation we need certain standards. We need types of refinement, we need types of urbanity, for it is

only among the urbane and the refined that art is at home.

In his travels abroad Cutting had collected a number of curios and a few bad habits. It had become impossible to him, for instance, to believe ill of any one, and when he was aggrieved he was too indolent to bear malice. He was too near-sighted to note defects in others, and when they were told to him, his memory was so poor that the fault-finders might as well have saved their breath. He did nothing notable, but in the closet that he left there is not a skeleton to be found. He was young and gracious, good-looking and courteous. I do not know whether he was a hero to his valet, but I do know that his ways were ways of pleasantness and his paths were paths of peace.

The hunt for a needle in a haystack is not a bit more hopeless than to go through the files of yesterday's newspapers for an item that you want. But supposing in search of some lost recipe you were compelled to go through them all, from the "Acta Diurna" of the Romans to the "Herald" of to-day! And yet, barring that little sheet of the ancients, newspapers are a comparatively modern institution. The earliest collection of the news of the day was the "Frankfurter Journal," which was started in 1615. In the year following there appeared in Antwerp the "Nieuwe Tijdinghen," and six years later Nathaniel Butter brought out in London the "Weekly News." These were all the enterprises of stationers, undertaken in the ordinary way of trade and were without political, economical, or even ethical significance. The attempt to shape public opinion began with Swift, Defoe and Bolingbroke in the "Review," the "Examiner," and the "Craftsman," papers which appeared almost a century later. But true journalism was founded by John Reuter, who in 1849 originated in Paris a news agency, from which the different Press Associations have since evolved.

Boston was the first of our cities that possessed a local newspaper. It was called "Public Occurrences," it appeared in September 1630, and was promptly suppressed by the government.

"Thank God," said Sir William Berkeley, who, a little before, was governor of Virginia, "we have neither free school nor printing press, and I hope we may not have for a hundred years to come."

The first daily newspaper published in New York was the "Journal and Register." It was commenced in 1788. In 1820 the city press included eight daily journals, with an aggregate daily circulation of ten thousand copies. No one paper circulated more than two thousand, and but two—the "Evening Post" familiarly termed the Evening Blanket, and the "Commercial Advertiser"—attained that number.

The first penny paper was the "Sun," which appeared in September, 1833. In May, 1835, came the "Herald." In 1841 the "Tribune" was established; in 1851 came the "Times," and ten years later the "World." The "Sun" made itself prominent by the manner in which it condensed and presented news. The success of the "Herald" was due the elder Bennett's eccentricities of advertising. The "Tribune" came into prominence through the great use it made of the transatlantic cables during the Franco-Prussian war. The fortune of the "Times" was made by its discovery and exposure of the Tweed Ring, and the rise of the "World" may be attributed to the Western methods and personalities which it introduced.

At present there are thirty newspapers published daily in New York City. Of these there are one in French, one in Polish, one in Spanish, two in Bohemian, three in Italian and seven in German. In addition there is published every week the "Schweizer Zeitung" for the Swiss, the "Kawrah" for the Arabs, the "Lehti" for the Finns, the "Nordlyset" for the Danes, the "Nordstjernen" for the Swedes, the "Slovak" for the Slavs, the "Haik" for the Armenians, the "Spravochney Listok" for the Russians, and therewith is a "Deaf Mutes' Journal" and one for the blind. There was one in Volapuk also, but that is defunct. And since Brooklyn has become part of New York it is proper to add that there is the "Gael," published in Irish, and the "Namzeter," published in Hungarian. Portuguese is represented by two Brazilian publications. There is one monthly and two weekly Welsh periodicals appearing in the State. There are eight Hebrew papers and one in Dutch. The Chinese

import their papers from San Francisco, the Japanese read English or go without, while, on the other hand, negroes have their choice between the "Monitor" and the "Age." There are two anarchistic papers published in New York, one, "Die Freiheit," is in German, the other, "Liberty," is in English.

There is also a free-thought weekly called the "Truth Seeker," and there is "Cupid," a journal published in the interest of those who are matrimonially inclined.

Every trade has, of course, publications of its own. The most numerous at present are those which concern themselves with bikes and biking. But there are others. There is the "Sunnyside," for instance, and the "Urn," and also the "Casket," from which you may learn all you wish on the subject of cemeteries and undertaking. The "American Hairdresser," published in Brooklyn, is a very entertaining magazine for barbers. There is another equally entertaining called "Water and Gas." There is a magazine about bees, another about crockery. There are three others, for which, perhaps, you would like to subscribe; one is the "Oologist"; the second is the "Dentist"; and the third is "Sartorial Art." There is a magazine of magazines, the "Review of Reviews," and there is also "Wit and Humor," in which the humor is in the title and the wit as well. I have mentioned a dozen, there are a thousand others, periodicals on every subject conceivable and inconceivable, and even on the Inconceivable, on theosophy, metaphysics and the occult. On religion alone there are over three hundred, on finance there are half as many more.

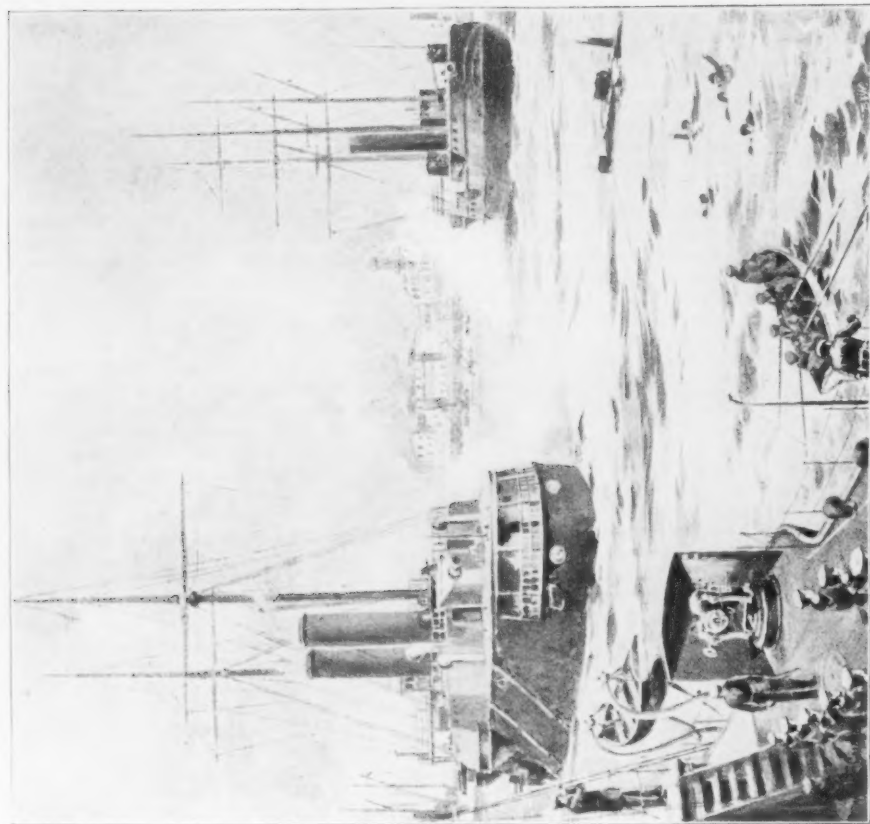
It is fatiguing to think of so many periodicals, and it would be inviting insanity to attempt to look through them all. Barring a half dozen first class monthlies, such as the "Atlantic," the "Century," "Harper's," etc., etc.; and a half-dozen first class weeklies, such as "Collier's," "Life," and so forth, the inanities in the rest of them, the tawdry English, bad grammar, lack of imagination, lack of taste, lack of everything which makes European magazines worth preserving, indicates an absence of intellectuality on the part of the subscribers which is suggestive. The majority of them are but vehicles for advertisements, and by some curious contradiction you must have noticed that the advertisements are the most readable things they provide.

"It is what the public want," an editor said to me the other day.

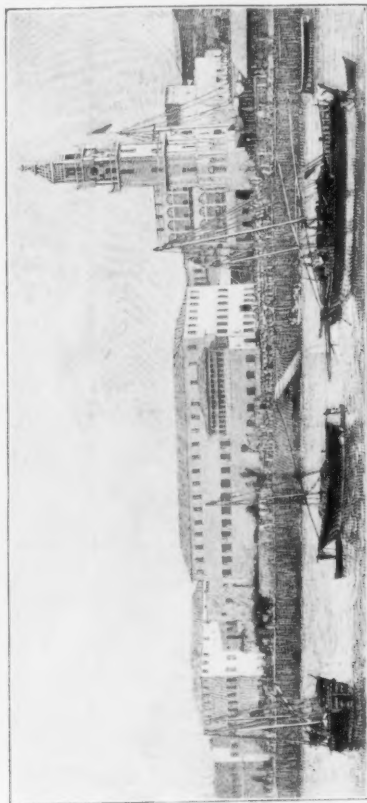
"Tell me," I asked, by way of reply. "How many idiots does it take to make a public?"

And there is the wonder of it. Some of these publications print editions that run from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand copies a month. You never see them, never hear of them, their very names convey nothing to you. They are made up over night with scissors and paste. They sell. But who buys them, who reads them, what becomes of them, are questions that are mysteries to me.

Talking shop, I see that Keegan Paul has produced an English translation of Huysmanns' "En Route," a work for the preparation of which Huysmanns lived for several months in the monastery of La Trappe. It is a study of mysticism in the form of a novel and first appeared in Paris the winter before last. As I have always regarded Huysmanns as the foremost literary artist of the day I was necessarily interested in its publication. At the time I happened to be in London. A friend of Huysmanns, who was also a friend of mine, wrote from Paris asking would I run over, put the advance sheets into English before the book appeared in French and save the copyright. I packed up at once. When I reached Paris, Huysmanns' publisher asked me how long it would take. I told him. Then he wanted to know how much I would pay. The idea that I had come to Paris for the love of art was one which would not enter his commercial brain. I told him I should be glad to serve Huysmanns, but that with every desire to serve I could not pay for the privilege. "But," he said, "you will have the copyright, you will sell a million copies, and I shall sell a million here." I am lacking in business enterprise and refused. When I read the book I saw it would be a failure and it was. In the succeeding six months three thousand copies were sold. Then it disappeared. It had what is known as a literary success. If Keegan Paul's translation is good that success should be repeated here.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF ZANZIBAR



ZANZIBAR BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT

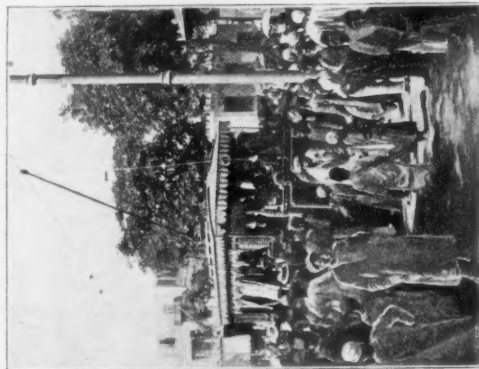


THE NILE EXPEDITION

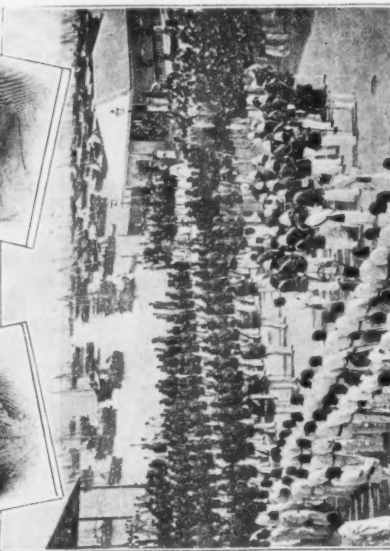
SHOWING A GUN BOAT UP THE CANAL AT ABOVE, MAJID HADRA



THE REVEREND DYNAMITEER WHITEHEAD AND YALLOPER

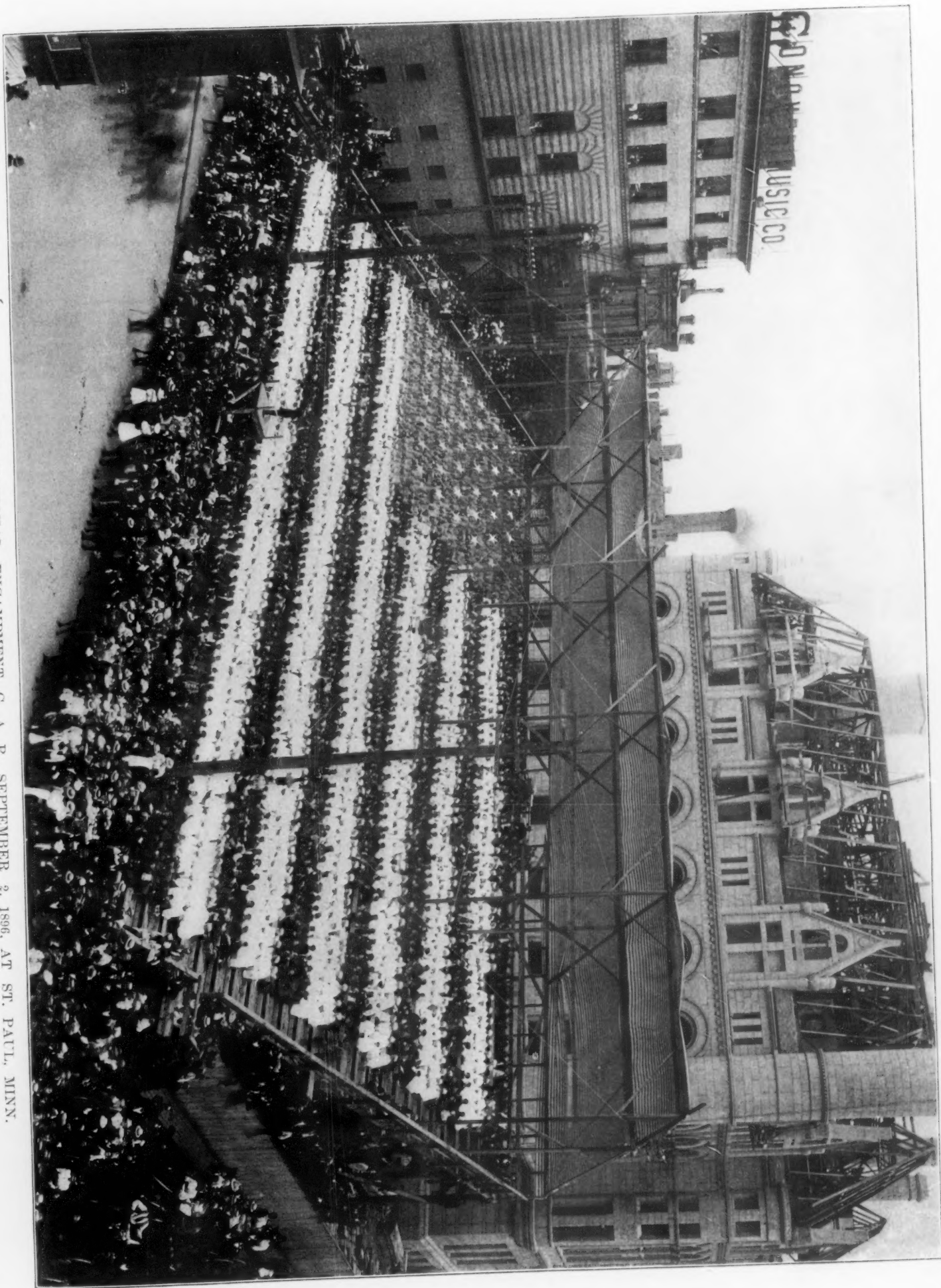


INAUGURATION OF THE TROLLEY IN CAIRO EGYPT



TRACES OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF ZANZIBAR WHO BLOCKADED THE PLACE BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT

SOME FOREIGN ITEMS OF INTEREST.



THE LIVING FLAG.—THIRTIETH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R., SEPTEMBER 2, 1896, AT ST. PAUL, MINN.

(Copyright applied for 1896 by Hans Bros.)

MEN MANNER (1900)

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IX.

TILL recently I had supposed that the enormous vogue of "Trilby" was on the point of perishing forever. But the other day I took from my mantel a box of new parlor-matches (rather bad ones by the way) and saw them labeled "Trilby," and a little later, during my observation of a grand bicycle procession along Columbus Avenue, I observed a female rider whose costume and copious wig instantly brought to mind Du Maurier's renowned portrait.

If it be the unexpected that happens, never was this truer of anything than of popular books. I think that for surely a year before "Trilby" appeared, everybody who read novels at all had a feeling that hypnotism was done to death as a subject, and that he would almost pay a fine rather than read any more about "woven paces and waving hands." Then came this tale, and everybody swallowed the pill of hypnotism once more, sugar-coated as it was with dainty and appetizing and impossible records of the Latin Quarter. I say "impossible," because the relations of Trilby toward her three artist friends are conceived in a spirit of the most reckless romanticism. It is not, however, my intention to place any new critical stone on the huge cairn reared in commemoration of this volume, though I am tempted to add that its impossibility does not end with the amazing situation of a grisette being worshiped as a Vesta of purity in a portion of Paris which for years has been notoriously immoral. The fact that Trilby, in a state of continual trance, could have been dragged by Svengali over half the continent of Europe would not receive indorsement from any sane man of science.

But this is not all. Svengali claims that Trilby possessed no musical ear whatever, and that her voice was nevertheless a marvel of power. He claims that his own capacity to sing was null, but that he had the divine genius of music in his brain and heart, and that by mesmerizing Trilby he could throw, as it were, his inspiration within her physical vocal limits, richly overflowing them. In other words, he maintains that his control over Trilby was something emanant from his will and temperament alone, and that its effect upon this almost phenomenally healthful young woman by no means concerned any hysteric predisposition in herself, and was as irresistible as would have been a sneeze if she had smelled mustard or pepper.

Of course this may all have a very picturesque and even poetic flavor. A novel of the elder Dumas, "Joseph Balsamo," was not more audaciously fabulous. Mesmerism and hypnotism are first cousins, and one has succeeded the other as a pet reigning fad, precisely in the same way that theosophy has succeeded spiritualism. We never hear of mesmerists, now; they are always called hypnotists. Mesmer, a Suabian, who died in 1815, made throngs of converts to his alleged "discovery," and then followed an interval of languor and disregard, to which the hypnotic craze has stood in the light of a *rennaissance*. I have said that it is not my object to criticize "Trilby," but this neutral attitude toward the literary plan and texture of the story need not prevent me from declaring that it is based upon an absurdity. There is no doubt that countless readers who have been won by the colloquial, rambling, cocked-hat, thumb-in-the-waistcoat-armhole style of the book itself, have also felt sincerely confident that they were being entertained by a series of probable happenings, and that Svengali could have done just what it is declared that he did do, by means of an individual endowment, attribute, gift of *diablerie*, resident in himself. Now, the truth is, no Svengali has ever been known to exist, any more than a Joseph Balsamo has been known to exist, or a single mystic, trance-compelling personage of the many who move through other tales, like "Lisa, or the Mesmerist's Victim," and its numberless forgotten mates. The evil geniuses of both Dumas's and Du Maurier's tales are as totally unreal as Mr. Rider Haggard's "She." Dumas lived in an age when the novel was not taken so seriously as now by either worthless or important critics. Science had not then insisted upon

a certain adherence to veracity as a substratum of even the most imaginative or fantastic fiction.

Several years ago my friend Dr. William A. Hammond gave some remarkable exhibitions of hypnotism at Masonic Hall in New York. He placed a number of people, men and women, in states of utter seeming subservience to his will. It was not then an old story, the giving of a paper dagger to a subject and convincing him that yonder was somebody who had just slain his wife, or the handing of a glass of water to another subject and persuading him that it was raw whisky. Everybody marveled, then, far more than he dreams of doing now. Dr. Hammond, a wonderful physician, was regarded by many miracle-lovers as supernaturally endowed. Afterward, in reference to these "necromantic" proceedings I asked him: "Could you force me into that same condition and make me will the slave of yours?" Immediately the wise doctor shook his head in negation. This surprised me, for I knew that he is a man of very strong will, and that he has always faced important issues with great resolution and courage. "But you know me in a professional sense," I urged, "and you will admit, surely, that I'm an extremely nervous person." Here the doctor smiled. "Yes," he said, "but you are not nervously affected in the way that are those people whom I dealt with at Masonic Hall. You have no epileptic trouble; you do not walk in your sleep; you are not cerebrally unsound." It was nice and reassuring, as I need not say, for a man of my profession to receive the latter piece of tidings. "But really," I said, "do you mean to tell me that this power of yours can only affect mental invalids?" Whereupon the doctor made speed to inform me that he had no "power" whatever—that the "spells" which he cast about these persons were resultant from their own feebleness rather than from any strength in him. People in good health, Dr. Hammond then assured me, cannot be hypnotized, and I doubt if he has altered his judgment since, despite all the voluminous writings on this topic, in which totally different views have been taken. No; the Svengalis of the world dwell between the covers of wonder-tales like "Trilby"; they are not discoverable elsewhere; their verification in actual life is as difficult as that of the salamander. What they are able to accomplish is nothing more than plain you or I can accomplish, if so disposed. I do not for an instant deny the vaunted utility of hypnotism as a substitute for narcotic drugs. Many a hospital patient may have undergone treatment of this sort, and with a benefit greatly above that which the well-known anesthetics might produce. Indeed, these are often perilous to sufferers, and a slumber or lethargy produced without their aid cannot be too highly valued. But it is, beyond question, a mode of treatment on which no steady reliance can be placed. Its efficacy depends entirely upon the abnormal recipient, and in no manner concerns the most energetic of operators. A good many occupants of hospital pallet-beds are as sound in their nervous systems as they are weak in other ways. People perish of diseases which leave to the last minute their brains and nerves perfectly healthy. For such unfortunately the hypnotic "influence" is of no stronger potency than would be a draught of water.

Where I think Mr. Du Maurier has erred in his romance, is to have misled multitudes of credulous readers, as he undoubtedly has done. For those who like it, the telling of his story may be a nonpareil of brilliancy and grace. But he has enveloped with his accredited talent as a novelist a preposterous perversion of fact. The play made from his work brought out this artistic mistake with an almost ludicrous saliency. There we see "Trilby" so "controlled" by her victimizer that by a few gymnastic flourishes of the hands he can bring her from one chamber into the next, a door being closed between them. Everybody now laughs at Joseph Balsamo, whom Dumas *père* rendered capable of communicating his "weird" force to a young girl several miles distant. It does not matter whether or no Mr. Du Maurier has approved this mode of action in the dramatic version of his tale. Incontestably he has approved it, but even if he had not, the conspicuous nonsense of his described "psychic" intercourse between the Hungarian and the vigorous young grisette cannot be too deeply censured. Notwithstanding the mighty "sales" of his romance, it will, I believe, miss hereafter that higher and securer place which a whole cohort of smiling and gratulating publishers could

never succeed in giving it. Perhaps the clever author does not care for such higher and securer place. But his past career as a realistic, painstaking and very conscientious artist in black-and-white, would lead one to suppose that he does care.

I can hear numberless voices denounce me as a tedious caviler—voices of devout Trilby-lovers—and cry to me that the author of this adorable narrative was perfectly justified in making its central idea one which science (stupid old matter-of-fact science!) had failed to justify. The argument of the Trilby-lovers is easily divined. Mr. Du Maurier wanted to write a thrillingly imaginative novel, and of course he had full right to take what liberties with the truth it pleased him to take. I would maintain, however, that neither he nor any author has, at the present period, any such right. The era of the old "ghost story" has passed away; even that has become, in a measure, realistic. The days of such books as Lord Lytton's "Zanoni" and "Strange Story" are passed. Future criticism of the finer kind will accept no tale which is the product of this last half-century and yet which does not trace its improbable or fantastic elements to scientific causes. Mere bugabooism will not pass muster; and neither, as I need scarcely add, will young women of glorious mental and physical health, who have never sung a correct note for years, yet who are bedeviled and hocus-pocussed into delivering strains of such divine melody as never was heard before, since chaos became creation. The fatal flaw of "Trilby" lies in its almost deliriously rash misstatements regarding hypnotism, and this is a flaw which the future is bound never to overlook. The present age may permit ignorance of actual hypnotic phenomena to combine with a desire for amusement, and so transiently preserve a work whose pivotal postulate is absolutely false; but coming generations are certain to prove less lenient. For many pages I have found Mr. J. J. Astor's "Journey in other Worlds" just as careful to avoid giving us fantasy of a lawless kind as is Mr. Du Maurier to court the process. Mr. Astor's book is astonishingly sound as a piece of realistic romance until we reach the portion of it where he smothers in speculations about an after life and the locality of heaven all that good and valuable learning on questions of science by which he has previously diverted and instructed us. Altogether, I would hasten to add, it is a romance of amazing ability, and when considered as its author's first book, it cannot be too lavishly praised.

But one more last glance at hypnotism. Dr. Graeme H. Hammond, the only son of Dr. William A. Hammond, is a worthy follower in his father's medical footsteps, yet has already acquired a distinct individual repute. Not long ago he made certain statements whose interest is naturally deepened when we remember their source; for "young" Dr. Hammond has given years of study to those same nervous maladies which long ago fascinated his father's intellect, and so wrought the lasting good of thousands. Speaking of hypnotism, Dr. Graeme Hammond said that his own experiments had shown him how the whole solution of the matter lay in the patient's neurotic infirmity. He repeated what this father had asserted to me years ago, and this I might take the liberty of reconstructing, perhaps, to the effect that there never was or could be a live, flesh-and-blood Svengali. I am in no sense literally quoting Dr. Graeme Hammond, but the substance of his words I leave intact. Nor was this all that he volunteered to say. Regarding the trance of the patient himself, he gave it as his opinion that deeds of murderously vengeful sort were not attempted when the subject received from the hypnotist weapons of a real character—as, for example, a dagger of steel instead of paper, or, let us suppose, a true pistol instead of a pipe-case. It had come into his experience that when these were placed in the hands of the hypnotized they did not show any wish to use them, and indeed recoiled from doing so. Other co-experimenters had skeptical views on this point; they seemed to think that the tendency to stab and shoot in dead earnest was not modified by any such curious little outcrop of somnambulistic prudence and caution. For my own part, I would give odds, as the phrase runs, that Dr. Graeme Hammond is right. Hypnotism is a species of hysteria, and hysteria, though a very real and wretched disorder, has, nevertheless, its countless deceptions, caprices, affectations. I should not feel at all

comfortable if a hypnotized person, having been told that I had killed his dearest friend, should point at me a loaded pistol. But then I should not feel comfortable if anybody pointed at me a loaded pistol. And yet, all the same, I do not believe that any hypnotized person would ever really pull the trigger, unless he wanted my life for reasons quite private and personal.



THE NEW REVELATION.

THE attempt of science since Bacon's time has been to give us more complete knowledge of and command over matter; but of late some of us—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, a part of the general human mind—has aspired to pass at a leap behind the phenomena of physics, and place us in communication with whatever may lie on the other side of what is reportable by our ordinary senses. The tendency is normal. Man is a spirit, clothed upon with a body; and this spirit not only desires to know the laws and quality of its material envelope, but also, and even more urgently, the nature and possibilities of its own self.

It must be admitted that the results thus far of our experiments in this direction have not been particularly secure or practical. Science for the most part turns up its nose at them; and the votaries of the transcendental, finding themselves unable to produce such demonstrative evidence as science demands for her own claims, is fain to wax indignant, and to take refuge in sarcasms and abuse. But the truth is, these excursions into the unknown can never be amenable to the kind of proof that is demanded on the material plane. There can be, in the nature of the thing, no material evidence to proceed upon. Nothing that I can adduce can convince the *à priori* skeptic, for example, that my thought may be impressed upon another mind otherwise than through the familiar operations of sense. He replies to all my mass of instances that they are either coincidence or imagination—in less polite but more direct language, that I am either fool or liar. Or it is a matter of ordinary experience with me, let us suppose, to behold apparitions; and my unbeliever confidently affirms that, since he sees none himself, I am obviously the victim of hallucinations. The dispute is irreconcilable, and reminds one of playing checkers with the pieces of one contestant on the white squares, and those of the other on the black. They appear to be putting forth their best strength and skill, but no issue is reached, for the plain reason that neither side can ever come into contact with the other. They are fighting, so to say, on different planes.

For my own part I have never been able to understand why the mystical or occult or transcendental people should be at all concerned to bring over the champions of science to their way of thinking. It betrays weakness to make the effort. Once I am convinced of a certain truth in a manner satisfactory to me, what difference can it make to me that you, who have never had my opportunities or experience, are prone to discredit my testimony? Truth is truth, independently of its disciples. And if I am over-urgent to bend your views to mine, does it not indicate that I am myself not so sure of my correctness as not to wish to confirm my belief by the subsidy of yours? Moreover, truth does in time—its own time—confirm itself in various ways; and let the transcendentalists but have patience, and all the world must sooner or later acknowledge their orthodoxy—in case they turn out to be really orthodox.

But there is more to it than this. The people of the alleged new Revelation cannot be said to comprehend, themselves, what they are about. No prophet appears among them able to lay down the laws upon which their results depend. They have made out a list of the things they believe, but they have not attained such interior and comprehensive insight into and understanding of their phenomena as to be able to rationally interpret them. The laws governing these

things are no doubt on a plane different from those which rule physics; but there must be a correspondence or analogy between the two classes. The wonder workers, rattled at the stupendousness of their own marvels, lack presence of mind to subject them to analysis. It seems to me that the only successful way to approach such matters is on boldly *à priori* grounds. Study the nature and constitution of the mind or spirit, make up your mind as to what must rationally happen in given circumstances, and subject to this test the phenomena which you think you perceive. Deduction, not induction, is the method. Assume some fundamental spiritual dogma in the first place, and compel everything after that to stand or fall according as it conforms to that dogma or turns out incompatible therewith.

One's experience classifies itself; we do not become cognizant of things in isolated detail. I hear of a thing before unknown to me, and at once every newspaper I take up, each person I meet, teems with information concerning that class of things. So it lately happened to the present writer to be brought in contact with an exponent of the New Revelation, and almost before he could realize his position, he was hand in glove with a dozen varying species of the same type. Of course, such people hang together more or less, and to know one is to be in the way of meeting many. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that whereas a year ago I had no personal contact with these soothsayers and magicians of the later Nineteenth Century, I know several of them to-day, and have had the pleasure of witnessing not a few of the curiosities which so earnestly engage their attention.

I welcomed the new departure with cordiality; because I had for many years speculated about such things on abstract grounds, and was interested to find out how far my conclusions might be from the actual facts. I lack space to treat of even a tithe of the matters which were brought to my attention; but I shall try to give a summary idea of what they were and what I thought of them.

One of the first functions I attended was a spiritist materializing seance. I should premise that I went with no purpose to "expose" anything or anybody, but simply to see what was presented to me. I was not hostile to the theory that spirits may be materialized; I am used to regard myself as a spirit incarnate, and for aught I can tell a spirit disincarnate may be induced to reassume the physical garb, if only one knows how to go to work. Unquestionably I might be deceived as to the real character of what I should see or feel; but I deemed that nothing could be gained by disturbing the "conditions." I put myself in the most sympathetic and congenial mood available, and if anything went wrong I am sure it was not my fault. At the request of the manager of the seance, I certainly did examine the cabinet—such was the name given to a blind corner of the room, with a bit of black cloth stretched in front of it; and I saw nothing there to arouse suspicion. Then the doors and windows of the room were closed, the curtains drawn, and the lights lowered until it was impossible to distinguish who was who in the room; you could see the undefined mass of a person but no details of face or dress. Had any one got up and walked about, I should have known it; but minor gestures would be invisible. A dozen or fifteen persons formed the company; there were three professional mediums among them, and several old habits.

It is said that the best results can be got only when the circle is completely harmonious. I am bound to admit that I do not regard this circle as quite answering that condition, the importance of which I can well understand. We were not all known to one another; we belonged to differing social environments, and we did not have the same point of view about things. However, we tried to attune ourselves by hymn-singing; I do not think our efforts would have commanded remuneration in a church organ-loft, but it was the best we could do. The medium meanwhile had disappeared in the cabinet, and, I presume, went into a trance there.

She was a large woman, dressed in black. After about half an hour, the singing suddenly quavered and stopped, and I saw a whitish appearance in front of the cabinet. It was elongated but nearly shapeless, and seemed about five feet in height. It had a slight flick-

ering or wavering movement, like a flame blown upon by a gentle breeze; and there seemed a tendency in it to dissolve into its background, or slip between the curtains of the cabinet, which, in fact, it did, entirely or partially, several times. Though it was visible enough as a whitish something, it did not appear to be at all self-luminous, as I had expected might be the case. Any white object, dangling there in such a gloom, would have looked the same.

Presently the object, whatever it was, seemed to gather confidence, and came more fully into view. Two projections, that might have been arms, were put forth on either side; they were occasionally withdrawn, and again projected, just as a snail projects and withdraws its horns. At the upper end of the figure a dusky circle was now visible, where one would look for the face. Except for this circle the entire apparition might have been made of white gauze. There were moments when the outline of the shape was more distinct, and recognizably human, than at other times. But it was vague at best, and the most singular thing about it, to my apprehension, was that flickering and dwindling tendency which possessed it. It resembled the movement of flame, though it was not nearly so pronounced.

The thing altogether vanished after a while, but the singing being promptly and anxiously resumed, it or another thing like it reappeared, seemingly with more substantiality about it. And from it (apparently) presently came a voice. It was a pithless, falsetto voice, such as might easily have proceeded from the medium herself, or from a ventriloquist. All the voices heard that evening, except those of the "regular" spirit attendants of that particular medium (of which more anon), had this falsetto quality, with slight variations. I asked one of the habitués, after the seance, the explanation of this. He said that in the process of materialization, the lungs and internal organs generally were the last to be formed. But this is just the opposite, I believe, of the formative process as observed in the fœtus. Certainly, one would expect the vital parts to be the first to announce themselves. But one must take things as they come, in these transcendental matters. The voices were all hurried and breathless, as if the speakers suffered from a bad attack of stage fright.

My unaccustomed ears had difficulty in distinguishing what was said; and what I did hear was not important. But at length an apparition came out which, I was informed, wanted to commune with me. I crossed the room, and stood close in front of it. It was barely over five feet in height, and the white robe which covered its head and flowed down from it had an indeterminate or dissolving outline. Gaze as I would, I could make out nothing but a dusky space where the face should have been. I asked the thing what it was, and it spoke the name of a relative of mine who has been dead fifteen years. It bore no recognizable resemblance to the person named, and its replies to the few questions I put to it did not show that it remembered anything of her history. It seemed a good deal agitated, whereas a marked tranquillity had been the most marked characteristic of the person it represented. I put out my hand and grasped its own. It was quite warm, and perfectly substantial; but I am bound to say that it felt very much like the rather large and lean hand of the medium, which I had taken in mine a short time before. It did not feel like flesh; there seemed to be a wrapping of thin gauze around it. I give these observations for what they are worth. After a few moments, it seemed to melt away into the blackness of the curtain cabinet; I pushed aside the flaps of the curtain and followed it within. The air in the confined place was bad, and the darkness pronounced. But I could discern the medium sitting back in the chair, and breathing stertorously; and all about were little points of light, like faint atoms of phosphorescence. I grasped at them, but could feel nothing. The white figure had entirely disappeared.

Later on in the seance, two or three of the familiar spirits—"controls" is I believe the name given them—appeared. They wore, not white robes, but a recognizable imitation of ordinary garments. One of these personages was announced as Forrest the actor. I went up to him. He was broad-shouldered but not tall; he wore evening dress; there was a shadowy appearance of features, mistily resembling por-

(Continued on page 10.)



THE MARKET PLACE AT LAHORE



AT LAHORE.—PAINTED BY IL. WEEKS.

HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE.

(Continued from page 7.)

traits I had seen of the great actor. As I looked at him, he seemed filmy or vaporous; I fancied I could have thrust my hand through him. I offered to shake hands with him, but he courteously declined to do so, in a low, melodious voice. It passed through my mind that he was shorter than I had expected, and at the same moment, he seemed to grow taller, until his head was more than level with my own. "I am pleased—pleased to meet you," he remarked several times, with a certain suave grandiloquence. I never met Mr. Forrest in the flesh, and am therefore unable to say how much, if at all, he has been changed by his later environment.

I perceive that I shall be unable, on the present occasion at least, to fulfill my intention of narrating all my adventures with the New Revelationists. Of them all, the clairvoyants and psychometrists struck me as most interesting. The materializing transaction somehow failed greatly to interest me. Not that I am convinced that it was fraudulent; my impression is rather that it was in a way genuine. Had it been a fraud it would have been effected in a more workmanlike and finished manner. I am sure that Mr. Heller, or Kellar, or Herrmann, could have given me a far finer and more ingenious performance. But the imperfection and lack of dramatic proportion and feeling were points in favor of the bona fides of the affair. This medium had been twenty years or more in the business—doing, night after night, this same sort of thing. The mind refuses to believe that she could have endured to present a fraud—and so poor a fraud—so long. Moreover, there were features in this ragged performance which I could not understand or explain upon any material ground.

My conclusion was that these figures were not the medium or her confederates dressed up in white gauze, and that on the other hand neither were they spirits. If they were neither spirit nor flesh, what were they? I cannot affirm. Perhaps they were the more or less crude and defined ideas of the majority of persons present, embodied in some form of matter—rudely sculptured out, so to say, by the imperfectly sympathetic thought of the "circle," into the rough semblance of a human figure. Well, but where did the matter come from? Again I cannot say. But we know that there are emanations from human beings, substantial though ordinarily invisible, continuous with their actual bodies, but in a quasi-vaporous condition. It is conceivable that such emanations may under proper circumstances be concentrated so as to become sensible to touch and sight. We know little of the ultimate properties and constitution of matter, except that we incline to the theory that it is composed of ether in varying states of vibration. The mind, or a number of minds acting in concert, may have the power of modifying these vibrations. There is nothing intrinsically impossible in the hypothesis.

But, as I said before, I am not drawn to follow up my investigations in this particular direction. I do not care to attend any more materializing seances. My curiosity, such as it was, is satisfied. The subject has not received any important development since it was first started forty or fifty years ago. Its votaries have learned nothing valuable or convincing about the state of things in the next world, nor have they increased our knowledge of how to scientifically control the resources of this. The time may come when we shall know how to change ether into practicable material forms, and how to open our spiritual sight; but there are few signs of an advance toward these ends in the chronicles of spiritists.

A DEADLY WEAPON.

Italy has a new magazine rifle, which holds only six cartridges, but can be filled and discharged in fifteen seconds. The bullet has an outside covering of German silver with a case of lead, hardened by antimony, and will go through a brick wall three feet thick at a range of a quarter of a mile. The bore is 0.256 inches and the trajectory is so flat that the rifle can be fired up to a range of 650 yards without using the folding sight, which is set for as long a range as 2,200 yards.

ONE of the saddest sights on earth is to see a person with plenty of money and no appetite.

LINDY'S BEE-TREE.

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

It was coming on to one o'clock. The boarders at White Hall had just filed out of the side door for their nine after-dinner rounds upon the graveled circle in front. Lindy dashed at them from the front gate, with just enough breath left to gasp "Oh! Girls!"

Lindy was one of the three day-pupils admitted by the gentlemanly mistress of White Hall through pure goodness of heart. A tall girl—lank even, with a thin hatchet face lit by muddy blue eyes. Though she had always a decent frock, and white ruffled apron like any of the rest, though she left her mother's morning hand the very moral of neatness, by twelve o'clock she was sure to look as if her clothes had been thrown at her with a pitchfork, and lodged as they would.

Her apron was under one arm or the other, or else the strings untied and trailing upon the floor. She had a habit of puckering the front of her frock into the tightest of round knots whenever she looked inside a book—or else of tugging at her wrist frills till they hung in gaping loops over the hand. And let her hair be braided never so tightly when she came in, it was certain to lie a hot untidy mass about her ears before she had got through with her first recitation.

Notwithstanding, at least half the girls were fond of Lindy. Those who were not had much ado to make her understand it. She was a bubbling spring of good nature, with the kindest heart, the most obliging temper in the world. Now her face was aglow, her hands tremulous with pleasure, her feet so full of joy they gave little dancing scrapes and stamps as she tried to stand still. Helen Austin gave a light fillop on the dark cheek, as she said without checking her promenade:

"Lindy has found the Roc's egg—I see it in her eyes—and know she is going to give it to me."

"Just listen at her! Trying to air how much she knows! That was in their lesson this morning—all about the Roc," Anne Derwent whispered loudly to her elbow neighbor. They were rivals in everything—Anne and Helen. Most of all over Lindy. Helen headed those who liked the cracker girl, Anne those who did not.

"No, it's a bee-tree," Lindy corrected eagerly, quite callous to the laugh that went about over her literalness. "I went down to the spring-house to eat my dinner—Miss Jane lets me put it there, you know—and when I was done, I took an' poured the melasses that was left on top of the old big stump; and true as you live, three bees come suckin' in it in jest er little while. Then I think—I mean thought—about what Grandpa tells of how the bee-hunters done when he was young. He says they'd put out honey-comb, and watch the bees that sucked it to their homes in the holler trees. So I nailed my eyes to the first one that come—when he flew, I flew—and first thing both of us knowed we were right spang up against a big holler tree up there on top er the bluff. It ain't so mighty big neither—my two garters retched round it. I didn't have no knife, nex ax to put my chip on it like er regular bee-hunter; but I had some paper in my pocket—the sums you worked for me yest'dy. Helen—an' so I found a fire coal an' wrote 'Lindy Barker, her bee-tree,' an' tied it on with what I told you about."

"Oh, you goose! Anybody that finds it can take it off and swear there was no mark," Anne said loftily, sticking her chin in air.

Lindy's face fell, but she retorted with spirit: "Yes, they can, if they'll be so mean. I think there ain't many of that kind round here; but anyway, I'm gwine ter ax pap to-morrow. It's a Saddy. You all can come. I'll ask Miss Jane ef you caint."

"Don't it make you nearly die to hear Lindy talkin' proper?" Anne said in her loud whisper to Locky Clayton, the rich new girl who had only come last week.

"No, I like to hear it; it shows she is trying to learn," Locky said, very low; then, loud enough for all to hear: "I'm coming, Lindy—sure. If Miss Jane says I must not, I will scream so she will think I have a fit. But she won't say it. I am going to ask her before lesson-time. Who else shall I ask for? Speak now, or else forever hold your peace."

"Oh, just say everybody," Helen said promptly.

Anne tossed her head. Lily Smoot, who modeled herself carefully upon Miss Derwent, put up her head so it seemed she was studying the tip of White Hall's flagstaff. But Lindy beamed all over; she clinched her hands tight, jumped a foot in air, and said to Helen, as the promenading brought her abreast:

"Lordy! I feel as good an' happy as if I was through fractions, and could say the multiplication-table backward."

Miss Jane—officially, she was Miss Goode, head of White Hall school—had no thought of spoiling such sport. Instead she said, "Lindy, mayn't I come too?" That sent Lindy still more into a seventh heaven frame of mind; she could hardly wait for Saturday, which dawned warm and soft, with a fresh south wind to stir the faintly yellowing leaves. It was early October.

"Jest the day an' time ter take er bee-tree," Lindy's father said. He got together rags and sulphur for the fire-balls, and shouldered his ax with the best will in the world. Lindy ran frolicfully ahead of him, a nest of tin pails in her hand. To mark her sense of the occasion, she had tied her shoe-strings in such hard knots it was certain they could not untie themselves and flap about her ankles in their usual fashion.

The bee-tree stood in White Hall woodland. White Hall was once upon a time a plantation house. Still there were some hundreds of acres attached to it. The land was gently rolling for the most part, but at the western edge swelled to a steep scarp, from underneath which the spring broke boldly out; the well-head was some little way from the house, which was supplied by cisterns dug in the earth; the turnpike ran in front of it, and half a mile from the outer gate was the store and post-office, to which two of the girls were privileged to drive every day after school, for mail which had come out from the county town that morning.

Upon that Friday afternoon, it had been Anne Derwent's turn to go. She took Lily Smoot along, and the

two were a thought late in getting home. But nobody remembered that as the whole school trooped at Miss Jane's heels across the pasture land, and up hill. A glorious scamper it was. Miss Jane laughed as merrily as the wildest of them at the racing and falls upon the sedge turf, the latter slipping upon the hillside, fairly gliddery with new fallen leaves. By and by, two of the stoutest girls joined their four hands in a pack saddle, the others lifted her upon it, and she felt herself borne in triumph, the captive of her subjects. There was frolic in the very air. "It seems as though we were all Lindys, to-day," Miss Jane said to Locky, who was one of her bearers.

"Yes; but I dare say the real Lindy is standing on her head, in the privacy of her own path—none of us have got quite to that point," Locky answered laughing. They had got half way to the top; Miss Jane gave an imperative little motion and made them loose hands.

"It is growing too steep for you to carry me," she said, "besides, we must hurry; I want to see Lindy's face when she finds us ahead of her."

Climbing swiftly, they soon came to the hilltop where there was a little level glade. The bee-tree stood upon one edge of it, a gaunt, gnarly white oak, beginning to die at the top. A cavernous hollow began in one side at the foot. Up among the branches, at least twenty feet in air, was the knot-hole through which the bees went in and out.

"Why, where is Lindy's mark? this must be the tree," Anne Derwent said diplomatically, edging close to the trunk. Lily moved around to the side opposite, let her eyes range up and down, then said very loudly, "I see a big ones round here—it may be she got her father to come last night and mark it."

"No, she did it—but that's her tree," Lindy's voice said back of them. Her path led in on the hill's opposite side; she was nearly breathless from running, and had a face ashy white. "Somebody moved my mark—you said they would, Anne! Oh, I never thought anybody could be so mean," she said, her voice hard and lifeless, her whole frame shaking. She even staggered a little, and put out a hand to Lily, who stood nearest. Lily drew scornfully away.

"She's putting on that's all for effect," she said to Anne; then to Lindy, "Are you right sure it wasn't this mark here which found the bee-tree for you?—and didn't you set of plan to have us all come and help you—take it?"

As Lindy caught the insinuation of the question, her limp figure grew tense and straight; she flung back her head proudly. "Maybe you might have thought of that; I know I nev'd did," she said—then walked straight over to Miss Jane. "They want to make out I lied—and wanted to tell! You know I wouldn't—I couldn't do that," she said piteously.

"We are sure o' it," Miss Jane said, looking to Locky and Helen, who nodded emphatic assent: "let us look at the tree, perhaps we can find out something."

"I have found out something, marm," Lindy's father said, doffing his hat. "Certain as I know anything o' wood—an' 've worked in it best part o' my life—that cross that was made yest'day—and pretty late in the day. Te looks of it, let lone smell, says the sun ain't never sined on hit, full strength."

"I am sure it hanot—why, the bark is still fresh," Locky said, running er fingers over the cut; "I know, because we have a saw-mill on the place at home, and father often shows us the differences in timber," she went on modestly. Lily and Anne exchanged looks, then drew aside, whispering eagerly. Miss Jane held Lindy's hand, which ill trembled violently.

"I can stand n iss! the fun," she said, in the same dry voice, "it's—it's whut—they all can—think—can say—that hurts—hurt—in here," laying a lean palm to her breast.

Her father knit his brows heavily, and made three steps along the homeward path, then stopped short, shouting out:

"Jest as I expected Thar ye air, Zeke Wilkins; I thought I know'd your ship on this yere ole tree. Come 'long, now, an' tell Mifsane how come it thar—an' ef—ef thar was anythin' out o' ordinary 'bout your puttin' it thar."

Zeke, another crack, lankly tall, with a vacant, good-humored face, fir "made his manners" to the school and its mistress; a bow that almost overset him, then dropped his ax upon the earth, and leaned on the handle, as he said wi slow deliberation.

"I caint jest rightly y, ladies an' Barker, as thar ware er as thar ware t; that is, ef ye excuse the sayin', thar mought bein' then agin, thar mought not."

"Quit your riddles! alk straight—ef you talk at all," Barker said stern. "Lindy, my gal thar, fetched us all here to t'ahoney, sayin' she found the tree toward one o'clock y'day."

"Then it's her n, slicks a whistle; it was plumb sundown when I marked it Zeke said eagerly. Lindy started and cried out, but den's hand went over her mouth. "Leave it to Mifsane," she whispered, "she will get the truth."

"You are sure there's nothing on the tree when you come to it?" Miss Goode asked, her eyes full on the man she questioned.

"Wisht I was as shore oin' ter heaven," he said, with a humorous lift of eyebrows. "Ye see, marm, I do bee-hunt a right smart unce, but not here, seein' thar's a lady I respec' so, eaves the honey fer her. But last evenin', as I ware mpin' down the turnpike, thinkin' no more o' bees 'n nothin', two somebodies passed me, an' tole me the sen bees go out an' in this yere yere knot-hole, ammount as well come an' kill the po' things before niter, ter save 'em from starvin' ter death—"

"Who were those twomebodies?" Miss Goode asked with her keenest look; Zeke shifted his feet uneasily; then put on a reflect air, and said:

"La, marm, I never knol thar names; an' as for faces, I'm jest the greatest d ter disremember them that ever ye did see. I wot't know 'em again—not ef you gimme money fer it; t this I do know, Lindy don't tell nothin' but the trt. So shed yer coat, Barker, our two axes will havis ole shell down in a jiffy."

Miss Goode laughed; a litfexed laugh—yet in her heart was glad of Zeke's discom. She had seen Anne and Lily growing red and wi by turns, ever since he

came in view; her comprehension went easily to the root of matters, yet she was glad to be able to spare the offenders open shame.

"Yes, cut the tree down; I am sure Lindy will divide with you," she said, giving Wilkins her most gracious smile. At her word the axes began to fly, so swiftly, so deftly, that inside of twenty minutes the tree-top toppled to its fall.

"Oh, see! It has cracked open the whole length," Helen cried. Lindy gave one of her ecstatic jumps—for there was the hollow packed ten feet up and down with honey of all colors, all ages. Clouds of angry bees buzzed bewilderedly above it. The men lighted fire balls of sulphured rags woven through crotched twigs, and ran about trailing the pungent smoke behind them till the poor insects were stupefied or driven away.

Such fun as Lindy had then. All the buckets were filled—but that was nothing compared to serving Miss Jane and all of them with fresh honeycomb, upon platters of clean chips with red and yellow maple leaves for doilies. Everybody praised the honey. It had, they said, the finest possible flavor. But Lucky whispered behind her hand to Helen, "I think Anne and Lily are finding a great bitter in all this sweet!"

GLIMPSES OF THE QUEER AND THE UNKNOWN.

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

OCCULT SIDE OF THE X-RAY.

I.

"The master-passion of that divine emanation which we call Soul, is love of Truth; when, by relentless logic, this is attacked in its citadel, the Almighty Himself defends."—E. J. DONNELLY.

It has been left for the closing years of the nineteenth century to make the most wonderful scientific discovery recorded in history—that of the so-called "X-rays."

Moreover, it was a flash of genius on the part of whoever so denominated them to choose for their designation that of the "unknown quantity," as it is given in algebra, since this is precisely the definition of the X-ray; we see its results, but only the merest guesses have as yet been made with regard to the origin and nature of that which produces them. Only this we know: that their production is a part of the work of the same power which originates electrical and magnetic conditions. The present period of experiment is our first experience of the kind with this power; but, according to Nikola Tesla, the sun emits X-rays, and has always done so, without recognition of the fact on the part of mankind. As all the natural forces must, according to the law of correlation, have the same origin, and light and heat are recognized as originating in the sun, there is very good reason for accepting this also as the source of the X-ray power, which is so much more wonderful than that of light or heat; at least in its penetrating quality.

This influence of the sun upon the earth and upon humanity is so vast and so varied that it would be quite impossible to overestimate it in any direction. And it is not alone material; for its subtlety of operation almost, if not quite, transcends the bounds of such action. Thus, so well recognized a scientific authority as W. Stanley Jevons demonstrated the influence of sun-spot periods in the production of famine and pestilence; the actinic-ray fixes the transient into permanency through photography; the heat-ray produces a manifestation—which has been sufficient to create a vast and powerful theological system, that of the Parsees, or Fire-worshippers; and, finally, from this same sun of ours we derive all color, and, to be exact, all vitality, the very life of the earth and the other planets, with all that in them is. And, at last, in the closing years of this ultra-materialistic nineteenth century, we have the X-ray, the culmination of all discovery, since it sets at defiance hitherto accepted laws, by enabling the human vision to penetrate through absolutely opaque substances; through wood and metal, and through and into the very body of man. It is to this point that I desire to draw special attention in connection with the fact of the occurrence of the discovery at a period in the history of the human race which is absolutely paradoxical in its nature, this being the most material of all the ages known to history, while it is growing to be the most deeply and widely engaged in the investigation of the occult.

As to the verity of this statement, it is only necessary to refer to the tremendous movement of Theosophy; to the vast spread of Salvation Army tactics—relying solely on the emotional in man; to the establishment of Psychic Research Societies, for the investigation of the so-called supernatural; to the extraordinary popularity of the mystical Wagnerian music, even among the most densely materialistic people in the world; to the widespread and steady growth of spiritualism, faith cure, mind healing, and cognate cults; to the sudden acceptance by scientists of hypnotism as a force; to the frequent use of mysticism and the occult in fiction; to the credence given to the alleged "miracles" of Lourdes; to the revival and republication of ancient prophecies having reference to the "Approaching End of the Age," as H. Grattan Guinness has it; and again, to the discovery of the X-ray—which is surely on the very borderline between the recognized material and the unknown occult.

A few months since all Paris had gone mad over the predictions and visions of the latest seer, Henriette Condon, the daughter of a Breton advocate, who is alleged to have received her inspiration while witnessing a performance of a drama founded on Eugene Sue's marvelous presentment of the legend of the "Wandering Jew," and now all France is exercised over visions of demons and evil spirits. Only the other day the latest personation of the "Messiah," claimed for the well-verified work of the healer, Schlatter, was the sensation of this country; and still, from time to time, come forth rumors from the obscurity of his unknown "retreat" that he is only waiting for a "call," to declare some message to humanity. All of these things are "signs of the times."

It has been often said that Alchemy was the parent of Chemistry. That is, from the mystical and spiritual

grow out the material—for the practical service of man. But, in the present instance, the process is reversed. From the material is born the occult; from electricity and magnetism—the X-ray. The movement is from the an ode of alchemy to the cathode of Roentgen's discovery. While alchemy has been studied and explained by thousands since Paracelsus, not to speak of Hermes Trismegistus, its real nature and purpose have never been made known to the masses; though the work of its progeny, chemistry, has gone in some form to the rearing of every material structure. Strange that the X-ray should begin where this latter leaves off, and by absolute miracle give credence to the "Fourth Dimension," and make positive and proven denial of the quality of impenetrability.

One of the peculiarities of the X-ray is its production of "violet light." Now, Baron Reichenbach observed in the case of the "sensitives" whom he magnetized by the use of crystals and the actual horseshoe magnet, their customary declaration that they saw violet light emitted from the poles of the crystals and magnets employed. Powerful hypnotists have met with the same assurance on the part of their patients, the violet rays in these instances emanating from the operators' finger-points. When one considers all that has been accomplished by hypnotism, is it not reasonable to assume that the X-ray is psychic as well as material? That it is the latter is positive; at least in its uses thus far. But the viewing of the physical interior of man, or the location within his tissue of bullets, needles and buckshot, need not necessarily preclude other powers to the X-ray. In a recent interview on this subject Dr. Egbert Guernsey, a well-known New York physician, is said to have made the following remarks:

"As we touch the borderline between the known and the unknown we just begin to comprehend in the shadows which float around us how matter and spirit flow into each other, and we reach out with still more eager hands to fathom the great mystery of life and evolution."

"In the light of the present and the past it is not too much to predict that at no distant day the birth of thought and its evolution may be seen as clearly as diatoms through the microscope and the entity of the human soul clearly demonstrated as a scientific fact."

This is the only allusion I have met to the existence of a line of thought similar to that which has prompted the present writing. In what has been here said it has been attempted to show that the mental and spiritual tension of the period is rapidly becoming a positive force, the result of which no man can foresee. That this should give rise to discoveries, at other periods unthinkable, is not strange. That such discoveries should be applied alone to material purposes may be not only an act suggesting negligence or ignorance, it may be a crime. This is a very remarkable and a very doubtful period. It behooves us to make the best possible use of every instrument of new power that is placed in our hands.

If the violet light of the X-ray, when projected from the finger-tips of a hypnotist, can awaken a new consciousness, create clairvoyance, and induce in the casual subject obedience to unspoken commands, surely the same influence brought into play by means of Crookes' tubes and fluorescent screens can be devoted to something more important than search for needles, bullets and buckshot. Those who attempt through the X-ray no achievement greater than these are turning to comparatively frivolous uses a force whose wiser employment might alter the fate of the world. Max Nordau says in one of his "Paradoxes": "The same elements that form the body and brain of a human being are also found in enormous quantities outside of the human organism. The forces that produce the vital processes are also seen to be in operation outside of the human organism. Who then is so bold as to assert that these elements and these forces are unable to produce a consciousness except in the form of a nervous system, except in the form of a human brain?"

The pertinence of this reference consists in the fact that in the X-ray we are confronted with a discovery that is utterly outside of material conception, and should not be considered alone in the light of material laws. A recent "Saturday Review" refers to the discovery by M. Javelle of "a luminous projection on the southern edge of the planet Mars. The light was peculiar in several respects, and, among other interpretations, it was suggested that the inhabitants of Mars were flashing messages to the conjectured inhabitants of the sister-planet, Earth." Similar statements were abroad in 1892 and 1894; and something of the same sort concerning Venus, in 1895. Nikola Tesla says he has conceived a new telegraph line, which shall work to any distance, without wires, batteries, or other customary mechanism, and that it may become possible therewith to communicate with the other planets.

The Crookes' tube secretes a vacuum. Does this fact give no hint? The X-ray is a sheer gift. Professor Roentgen stumbled on it. This material age has been prodigal in discoveries and inventions—for lighting, heating, the more palatable preparation of food, microbes and bacteria, processes for lessening pain (and destroying life), roller-skates and bicycles. Suddenly comes into the field—the X-ray! It is a revelation. Who is ready to interpret it?

Paul Feval, in one of his clever stories, describes a castle in Brittany, and says of it: "Ten centuries have passed since its corner-stone was laid; centuries in which its occupants have seen that glorious and golden age, the days of sincerity, valor and chivalry; and the age of bronze, when brave men cast aside their armor to don silk attire; and the age of iron, when it was customary to chop off the heads of kings; and, finally, the age which deals only in deceit, corruption, treason and perjury—the age of lead of the present time!" Wise men are awakening to the fact that the last of these statements is the bitter truth, and are sounding the note of warning. This may have nothing whatever to do with the discovery of the X-ray, or the latter with it;—and yet it may.

"An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign."

SMILES and frowns are brothers: one genial and happy with numberless friends; the other morose, miserable and friendless.



BABYLAND.

BY CURTIS MAY.

WHAT is the way to Babyland?
Who can tell where the valley lies,
Fringed with pines where the mountains stand
And dimpling under the rosy skies?
Who has searched for the hidden track
And, tired of manhood, has wandered back?
Bright shines the sun in Babyland,
The water-lily, rocked like a boat
Whose silver keel never grates the strand,
Lies on the glimmering lake afloat.
Redder than roses ever blow
Are the flowers that bright on its borders grow.
Long are the hours in Babyland,
Minute by minute they flow along,
As drop by drop through the rippled sand
The brooklet creeps with its murmured song.
Faster and faster the waters beat
As they near the river so strong and fleet.
Over the gate of Babyland
Waits the Angel of Innocence,
And the shining sword in his outstretched hand
Keeps out all who have wandered thence,
But the mighty Angel of Duty shows
The path to Manhood, and onward goes.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY LALIA MITCHELL.

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!
Out by the river,
Calling to-night when the shadows are long
Down where the reeds and the tall rushes quiver,
Chanting your vespers, too sad for a song,
Breaking the silence that lies on the clover,
Never a sadder, a holier strain—
Requiem this, for the days that are over;
Harmony this, with my heart and its pain.
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!
Now you are bringing
Back to my bosom the days that are past,
Buds of my youth, that all faded are clinging,
Fairer than flowers, in my heart to the last.
Face of a maiden that smiled on her lover,
Tones of a voice that was sweet as a lute,
Form that the ferns and the grave-grasses cover,
Lips that forever lie silent and mute.
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!
Cease from your calling.
See where the moon rises over the hill.
Hush, for the peace of the even is falling
Soft on my spirit and bids it be still.
Soon in that land where the amaranths quiver,
Joining at last in the peans of mirth,
Angels shall say, as we stand by the river,
Lo, he has come, they were lovers on earth.

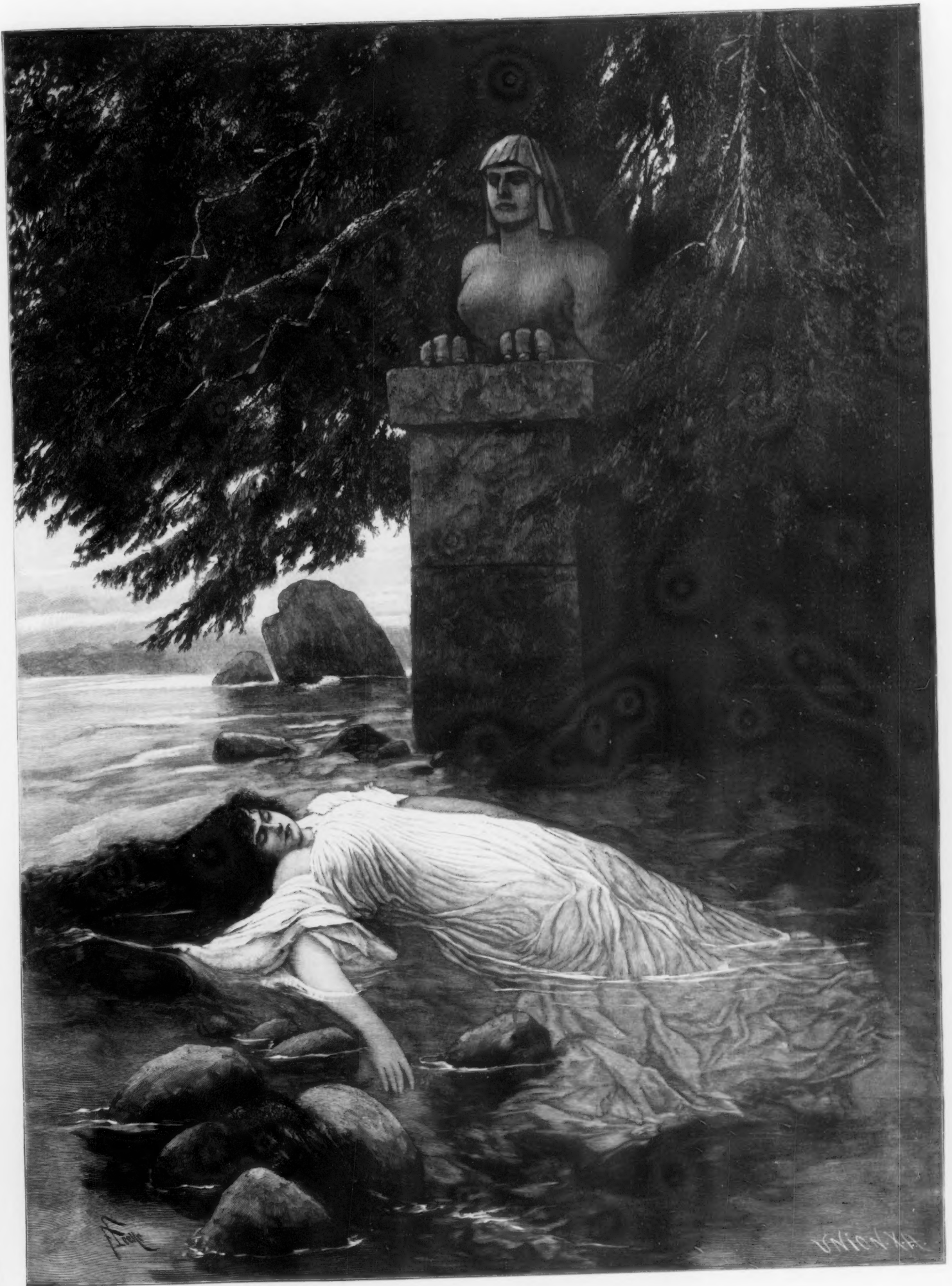
THE UNATTAINABLE.

BY ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Long have we strayed in the woodland's heart
Till its shadows have seemed of Life a part.
For we were here at early dawn,
When the piping birds made sweet the morn.
Have watched the sunlight where it weaves
Patterns of gold in the latticed leaves.
Have paid our homage, unsought, unknown,
Where the sweet wild flowers build their throne.
Ah! well to move and well to brood
O'er the mossy carpets of the wood.
Naught changed! as though but yesterday,
Helen and I had passed this way.
As though the years but hours had been
With a sunset and moonrise between.
For hearts may part that hearts may break,
But Love lives on for the old Love's sake.
For the passion will pass, but the Love abides—
As the ship glides on o'er the changing tides,
Sailing ever by night and day
To the unattainable far away.
Unattainable, still more fair,
Since we hope to find it, some day, somewhere.
Yet perhaps in that promise land
We are to know and to understand,
Know that the tangible and the real
May be born from the heart's ideal.



AN ENGLISH VILLAGE WEDDING ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE.



THE SECRET OF THE WAVES.—PAINTED BY F. LECKE.

PROFESSOR HERRMANN ON SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUMS.

The mystery of death is as unfathomable to-day as it was when Ishmael died in the desert. The grief of the living for the dead is just as potent now as when the mother of Ishmael wept over her son. Civilization has neither solved the great mystery, nor has it, with all its philosophy, ever dried a tear on the face of a Rachel mourning for the children that are not.

The mystery of death produces awe, and the grief attendant, tenderness. It is the essence of both that forms that uncontrollable yearning on the part of the living for communion with the dead. This is spiritualism pure and simple. In this the ancients believed. This faith is the most beautiful part of the creed of the Catholic Church. Taking advantage of this simple and beautiful faith, a host of charlatans and impostors, called mediums, have warped its tenets to their gain. They profess to stand upon the confines of this and the world beyond, and to bring and carry messages back and fro. Nay more, they will materialize at will for a stated price the spirit of a dead body and thus exhibit it to the living, loving ones on earth.

In this sense there never existed a medium on this planet, nor will there ever exist such. I assert this fearlessly, because for over twenty years I have traveled throughout Europe and America, exposing this so-called spiritualism. I have seen the best efforts of the best mediums, and in twenty years I have never seen over a dozen of their performances which I could not duplicate instantly. The performances are tricks, the performers, tricksters. The best proof of my assertion is that I have a standing offer of twenty thousand dollars for the production of a real medium. Mediums are all poor, and although my offer has stood open ten years, not a medium has come forward to claim it.

I know I shall be confronted at this point by many of my readers, who will bear living testimony that they have seen and conversed with the materialized spirits of their dead friends. And they believe the evidence of their senses with all the intensity of faith. This only proves my statement that their faith has been imposed upon. For faith all men of all sects have died at the stake with smiles on their lips. Neither their faith nor their death proves truth. And the evidence of the senses is the worst possible evidence after all. What man would not identify his own signature? Yet in forgery one's handwriting of his name is the hardest possible element in the case to establish. What man would not hesitatingly say he recognized an acquaintance in a throng? And yet it is an established truth in law that mere personal identity is impossible to be established under oath in connection with the body of a crime committed. It is my profession to trick the senses. I can change a glass of water into champagne or a cup of tea into a cup of coffee. Any one present at my entertainment will be ready to swear he tasted water one moment and out of the same bottle drank a glass of champagne the next; that he saw nothing but tea, yet drank coffee in its stead from the very cup containing the tea an instant before. This is evidence of the senses. I produce these effects by merely natural means. The spectators know I am imposing on their visible senses. The medium does the self-same thing, but in doing so tricks the most beautiful faith on earth.

This is my complaint against mediums. A few examples of medium trickery may prove entertaining to the reader, with their exposure.

The first manifestations of materialized spirits came in table rappings. This imposition was started by the Fox sisters, two clever girls in their line. Their methods, which were crude, were soon discovered, and fresh intruders upon their special domain quickly surpassed them in their trickery. This species of spiritualistic humbuggery is no longer used. Its best effects were produced by unseen electrical appliances extending under the carpet and forming part of the table. The medium, mostly always a woman, worked the raps by imperceptible movements of her foot concealed by the drapery of her dress. She could sit in a room far removed from the spirit table in this manner and accomplish her purpose.

The next progressive step in fake spiritualism was the apparition of a dead body endowed with spirit as in life. The figure bore the exact resemblance of the one it claimed to represent. It walked, moved and did everything but talk. Imagine a husband imbued with spiritualistic faith seated in a room and seeing again the form and features of his dead wife, not in the decomposition of death, but fresh and beautiful as in life, and reflect how difficult it would be to convince him that he had been humbugged, and that his faith had been outraged. Yet the apparition fake may be performed by a child. It is accomplished by this simple method. Upon a piece of any kind of glass about six feet by three, with a backing of cambric pasted upon it, have an artist draw the photograph of a deceased person with French chalk. Smear this picture with phosphorus and a chemical compound which any chemist will suggest and prepare. Then place the glass within a canopy covering of heavy dark material, velvet being the best, and completely darken the room. The result will be you will have the ghastly apparition of the person painted by the artist, appearing at intervals. The perspective afforded by the canopy will cause the figure to seem standing in space, gazed at intently and in the solemnity of the darkened room, it will appear to breathe and throb just as a corpse, if a rigid stare be fixed upon it, will seem to breathe in rhythm with the breathing of the gazer. This spectral illusion may be performed by way of diversion to pass a winter's evening. How any one's credulity was ever imposed upon by it is beyond my comprehension.

And yet a very eminent divine, eloquent beyond measure, twice a year and at the rate of five hundred dollars a sitting, believed he saw his dead wife materialized in this manner. The medium in this case produced some startling effects in apparently causing the apparition to move about the room. The very garments of the specter were heard to rustle as it glided about. These effects were produced by machinery, costly but not cumbersome. A minister in a rustic village in Ohio, some years ago, either to intensify his congregation with greater faith or for pecuniary gain, caused the apparition of the Virgin to appear upon one of his church windows by the means I have described. The unusual sight filled the rustics with awe. They believed the very spot upon which the church stood was miraculous. The noise spread abroad and soon excursions were formed from the neighboring villages for pilgrimages to the spot. Miraculous cures were reported in individual cases as the results of such visits, and the press throughout the country, more particularly the religious press, took the subject up reverentially. At that time I owned a theater in New York on Broadway, and reproduced every night upon one of its windows the self-same apparition appearing at the village church in Ohio. I denounced the imposition, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that the minister's bishop did the same, suspending the impostor from his ministerial functions for a long period in consequence.

The ordinary trance medium is unworthy of notice in this connection. I do not doubt the genuineness of the trance itself, because the body is susceptible by practice of any physical contortion. The utterances of the visions seen by the trance medium depend for accuracy either upon knowledge gained of the subject and the subject's dead friends, anterior to the seance, or upon the subject's credulity, intensifying into specific truths mere abstract statements calculated to fit any case by their very abstruseness. In this connection the well-known case of Johanna Southcote, the ignorant woman who awoke from a trance speaking several languages, and by her very eloquence established the Southcotean sect, might be instanced in disproof of my statements regarding trance mediums. I deny that the woman Southcote was influenced by any trance. She was hypnotized and acted upon by a personality superior to her own.

Hypnotism in its higher plane forms no part of spiritualism, nor has any medium ever attempted its practice. If the great science for the teaching of which Mesmer suffered imprisonment in every European country had been only followed till it attained to perfection, medical science would be advanced by centuries of progress and many physical wonders we marvel at to-day would be made plain.

A higher form of humbug mediumship is practiced in India. It is the resurrection of a dead person with the accounts of the sights seen in the other world. This trick, on account of the requirements for its performance, is rarely practiced even in India. I saw it once and detected its secret after considerable difficulty.

A native was carried on a litter and exhibited in the last stages of consumptive disease. He died on the portico of the hotel in the East Indian village I was visiting, in the presence of several witnesses. All the phenomena of death were apparent. The functions of the heart were suspended. The mirror test was applied to the respiration. Even rigor mortis set in. The physicians pronounced the man dead. He was coffined and buried, and remained underground for three days. At the end of that time the grave was opened, the coffin unscrewed and the dead man came to life. I afterward read accounts of this marvel beyond comprehension, written by one or two of the spectators on the porch with me at the time. Their very statement was doubted and credited to usual misrepresentations told by East Indian travelers. I studied carefully this wonder at leisure, and am able to state how it was done.

Let me state first, for the benefit of those not conversant with East Indian lore, that the magicians there are a tribe in themselves. They zealously guard the secrets of their art and transmit them among their sect through generations. Consequently their art is hereditary, and the East Indian magician becomes one by destination in his cradle. In his youth he undergoes every hardship like the Spartan boy in order to train his muscles and his mind for the arduous feats he must undergo. During this general training rare cases of physical exceptions to physical laws, freaks we would call them in America, are noted and their adaptability to rare tricks are applied. In this particular case of which I write, the subject in early youth had cultivated by art a tendency developed in him by a seeming suspension of some law of nature, of falling into a comatose condition, during which all the phenomena of death were visible. While in this condition he grew cold, the action of the heart apparently ceased. All the well-known tests of death were defied. His sick and emaciated condition just preceding his feigned death was the simplest part of the trick, being produced by long fasts, and the anointment of his body with the juice of certain herbs tending to simulate the pallor and wasted condition of the body just before death.

This much of the secret of the trick I discovered at its first exhibition. The hardest part of it was the study how the body could be interred for three days and resurrected.

After a few days spent in close investigation I found that the body was placed in ground specially prepared for it. The clay was of a light porous nature, and from a short distance beyond the grave pipes resembling ordinary gas-pipes, and carefully concealed, were laid. These communicated with the coffin, and through them air and water were pumped to the man below ground on the diver principle, to sustain life in case he awoke before the specified time. These pipes were worked without fear of detection by the fakirs, who joined the visitors in keeping vigil over the grave while awaiting the resurrection. This part of the trick not suspected, of course defied detection. The three days' fast of the subject was an acquired habit for which he had been especially trained. The trick was one of endurance rather than of cleverness. When the subject was resurrected, the spiritualists who were present were prepared for any revelation he might make through an interpreter and accepted it as confirmation strong as holy writ. Their purses were all but emptied to the clever swindler, who they believed had seen their loved ones in the space beyond and had borne to them messages and brought back from them glad tidings.

Despite their constant exposure, mediums will always exist while credulity can be imposed upon. So will bunco steers and confidence men. I will admit, as is claimed, that the highest grade of intelligence exists in the spiritualistic sect. I deny, as is urged, that this intelligence sustains the claim of mediumship. Intelligence when concentrated upon one object is no proof against imposition. Chatterton for a time fooled the literati of Europe with his bogus antiquities. Cagliostro

swindled prince and cardinal with his clever adroitness. Robert Dale Owen was a statesman and a litterateur, yet read his "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World" and see if you would buy a foot of ground with no further evidence of title than the proofs he adduces for his belief in the direct communion of the living with the dead.

I have no quarrels with any faith. I believe all religions good whose creeds teach honesty, justice and love. It is upon the impostors and charlatans, who prey upon the credulity of religious votaries, as camp followers rob the poor soldier, that I wage unrelenting war.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

It is rumored in Rome that King Humbert intends to abdicate in favor of his son, the Prince of Naples, on his marriage with the Princess Elena of Montenegro, which event will take place in November. The Iron Crown has been one of thorns to the present King of Italy, and the outlook is more than gloomy for his successor. The marriage with the Montenegrin princess is looked upon as a diplomatic stroke of policy. Montenegro, the little principality on the shores of the Adriatic, is nothing more nor less than a Russian outpost, sort of advanced guard, perilously near the Gulf of Venice. But the projected marriage having the consent of the Czar, will also mean his friendship for Italy.

King Humbert has his life insured for seven and one-half million dollars; the Italian people pay the premium. The Prince of Wales's life is insured for three and one-half million dollars, so that in case he dies before reaching the throne his numerous creditors will have something to fall back on. The dear old Queen Victoria, whom Heaven preserve for many a long year to come, stamped her small foot with great determination not very long ago, when it was suggested to her to square up some of the bills. She wouldn't do any such thing for Wales, and she told him so. Consequently he has to carry on as best he can, with his debts and his dangerous ways. Our compatriots, the Americans in London, whose names I could give you, but I won't, often come to the rescue of the heir-apparent with the gold and "siller" of the Grand Republic.

Professors Behm and Wagner of Göttingen University, Germany, estimate the present population of the world at one billion seven hundred million souls. Seems rather a crowd all told; but in compensation, Professor Lobley, in a lecture before the London Geographical Congress lately, announced that there are twenty million square miles of unexplored territory on this earth of ours.

Captain Dreyfus, who was condemned to life imprisonment for betraying the secrets of the French army, has escaped from prison, through his wife. It was quite a romantic episode, in which the lady sailed in an American brig, along the seashore where the prison fortress was situated, and, with the aid of twenty foreign sailors in a lifeboat, under cover of night, carried off the captive.

There is always a great amount of friction on the frontier which divides France as she now is and the conquered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. A group of young French soldiers entered the commune of Wurtzelstein half a mile from their own territory. They were exhilarated by too copious libations, and played some mad pranks. The Berlin Government at once protested against this violation of territory.

France is determined to surpass herself in according a welcome to the Czar and Czarina. Extraordinary measures of precaution are being taken to secure the greatest immunity from danger to the august pair and their whole party during their sojourn in France. A great number of Russian police agents have arrived in Paris to discover suspected individuals. Thousands of foreigners and Anarchists have been expelled, and all the ports communicating with England are strictly watched to prevent suspected individuals from landing in France.

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has issued a decree forbidding the priests of his archdiocese to ride on bicycles.

A general revolution may be the solution of the troubles in Constantinople. It is hopeless to expect redress from the Sultan, whose state of health makes him irresponsible for the deeds done and permitted.

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under the Turkish Government. He must be treated like the usurping Sultan of Zanzibar, when the ultimatum was sent him to haul down his flags by nine o'clock on the following morning, otherwise the palace would be shelled. In the meantime the Europeans in Zanzibar—men, women and children—were stowed securely on board the ships. Nine o'clock came and went, and still the Sultan's flag floated bravely against the deep blue azure of the African sky, when, hey! presto! the big guns boomed, and in fifteen minutes the Sultan's palace, with all its barbaric splendor, had crumbled away into the things that were. So it will be with Abdul Hamid of Turkey. The combined fleets of Europe would level Constantinople in half an hour, and I venture to think a plan to this effect will be one of the schemes my Lord Salisbury will lay before the Czar, when he has him safe and sound at Balmoral to work his will upon. Have you ever noticed the mighty fist of Lord Salisbury and the bulldog determination of his countenance? It will go hard with him, if he does not get all he wants in the way of a "small bit o' writin'" from the great Czar, whose one scrape of the pen may be fraught with such tremendous consequences.

The island of Madagascar is in a state of great turmoil. The native Malagasies pillage and burn the villages on their line of march. In return the French execute all the rebel prisoners.

Two thousand Christians were massacred by the Turks in the space of forty-eight hours during the recent riots in Constantinople. Some met death in the streets, others in the outlying suburbs. So much for Mohammedan fanaticism.

The important brewery of Steinwader, Germany, was destroyed by fire lately. The losses are estimated at several millions of marks.

The Arab chiefs who lent their aid to Said Khalid—the usurping Sultan of Zanzibar, since deposed—were exiled and their property confiscated.

Zola's last novel, "Rome," has been placed on the Index.

Professor Andree has arrived at Tromsø, Norway, on board the "Virgo." He has decided not to cross the polar regions in a balloon this year.

All the patriotic enthusiasm of the Spaniards has been aroused by the Cuban and Philippine Islands insurrections. The spirit of the old Castilians is still alive, and is now more than ever awakened. The "Cristobal Colon," the new Spanish Christopher Columbus, was launched with great solemnity at Genoa on the 8th of September. The Countess de Benomar, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in Italy, named the vessel, and the blessing of the act was given by the Archbishop of Genoa. The Spanish Government was represented by Senor Butler, Vice-Admiral.

Mass was celebrated in the open air at San Sebastian, Spain, on Thursday, in the presence of the soldiers departing for Cuba and the Philippine Islands. The mass was attended by the royal family, the young King wearing the uniform of a cadet of the Infantry School. The Bishop of Vittoria preached to the troops. Premier Canovas declared that the troubles in the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico were the result of filibustering agents, to harass the Spanish Government. Spain, the Premier said, would deal inexorably with the conspirators. In addition to the two thousand soldiers starting for Manila, the Government will send a force of four hundred and fifty artillerymen and a battalion of marines. The Bishop imparted the Papal benediction, the army kneeling to receive it.

A plot was lately discovered at Madrid which had for its object the destruction of the Castle of Granza, at St. Ildefonso, the residence of the Infanta Isabelle, the young King's aunt.

The heat in Southern Russia during August was terrific. The death rate rose in three weeks from twenty-seven thousand to forty-five thousand.

A Hungarian singer named Solak has broken the record for sustaining power. He sang for two hours without stopping, and during this space of time went through a repertory of two hundred and fifty songs.

Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, consecrated Archbishop Martinielli, the new Papal Legate to the United States.

Sir John Monson, English Ambassador at Vienna, has succeeded Lord Dufferin as Ambassador in Paris. Sir Horace Rumbold, English Minister at The Hague, Holland, and former attaché at Washington, replaces Sir John Monson at Vienna.

At the recent fireworks at Rennes,

France, in honor of President Felix Faure, a bomb exploded and killed a young girl, and five other persons were seriously wounded.

Sims Reeves, the celebrated English tenor, who began his career as a choir boy in Lincoln Cathedral, is now seventy-four years of age. His youngest child, a son, was born last August. Sims Reeves is going on tour in South Africa, his wondrous vocal powers being little impaired notwithstanding his advanced age.

Tonkin is in a state of famine, owing to the great drought which has prevailed since August of last year. The fields were not sown, rice, the staple food of the people, is scarce and dear, and obliged to be imported from China and Cochinchina. Mothers offer their children for sale in the streets of Hanoi, where three children may be bought for eleven cents; others offer them for nothing rather than see them die of starvation. Along the roads the dead may be seen, along with the dying whose faces tell their sufferings. There are twenty million of people in this deplorable condition. The Governor-General of the province, M. Rousseau, bought in Cochinchina nine hundred tons of rice to be distributed among the inhabitants of Tonkin; but what is this among so many?

THE WEEK AT HOME.

JOHN R. GENTRY, the pacer whose wonderful performance at Fleetwood a short time ago attracted so much attention, has lowered the world's pacing record to 2.01 1-2. This feat was accomplished at Glens Falls, September 9, in a match race with Star Pointer.

The funeral of Commander John Stark Newell of the United States steamer "Detroit" was held September 10 in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York. He died September 3, in Seattle, Wash. The coffin was escorted by a detachment of marines from the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and one hundred and twenty bluejackets from the "Amphitrite" and the "Terror." The pallbearers were Captain W. C. Wise and Paymaster G. L. Speel of the "Amphitrite"; Captain P. F. Harrington of the "Terror"; Commanders T. Lyon, J. E. Craig, C. S. Sperry and R. M. Berry of the Navy Yard, and Lieutenant-Commander S. M. Miller of the "Vermont." The burial was in Cambridge, Mass.

The one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the battle of Harlem Heights was celebrated Wednesday, September 16, at Earle Cliff, Washington Heights (known as the Morris house and the headquarters of General Washington at the time of the conflict). The national salute of thirteen guns was fired from the battery station there and colors hoisted at sunrise. The thirteen historic Hamilton trees were decorated with flags, and many houses in the vicinity were similarly adorned.

A monument has been erected over the grave in Boston of John Hancock, first Governor of Massachusetts and first signer of the Declaration of Independence. Stormy weather interfered with the exercises and they could not be held in the open air, as arranged. The monument was unveiled by Miss Mary Elizabeth Wood, daughter of Elizabeth Lowell Hancock Wood, whose grandfather, John Hancock, was the nephew and heir of the famous Revolutionary patriot.

The anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie was celebrated in Cleveland on September 10. Most of the stores and factories closed and houses were gayly decorated. The monument to Commodore Perry in Wade Park was covered with flags and flowers, and many visitors from the surrounding country were in town. Governor Bushnell, who presided at the morning exercises in the Ohio National Guards' Armory, suggested that Congress ought to appropriate money to erect a monument on Put-in-Bay Island to the memory of the men killed in the battle of Lake Erie. "If the General Government is not able to do it," he said, "the State of Ohio ought to do it." Governor Warren Lippitt of Rhode Island was the orator of the day. Addresses were also delivered by ex-Senator M. C. Butler of South Carolina, a nephew, and Oliver Hazard Perry of Elmhurst, N. Y., a grandson of the Commodore.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

WE present this week portraits of two of the four Irish political prisoners recently released from Portland Prison, Dr. Thomas Gallagher and Albert George Whitehead. The other two are Devaney and John Daly. They were imprisoned for complicity in the plot to blow up public buildings in London with dynamite.

Dr. Gallagher was tried at the Old Bailey in June, 1883, on a charge of treason-felony, and after a trial lasting for four days was sentenced to penal servitude for life by the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. He was arrested in Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, where it was found that he was concerned in procuring the removal to London of dynamite manufactured by Albert George Whitehead in Birmingham. Whitehead was also sentenced for life. There are still thirteen political prisoners in jail for whose release Irish members of Parliament of all sections have long been working. These are Henry Wilson and Henry Dalton, both of whom were convicted in 1883, in conjunction with Dr. Gallagher, for treason-felony, and sentenced to penal servitude for life; Timothy Featherstone and Patrick Flannagan, convicted in 1884, and sentenced to penal servitude for life for treason-felony; Terence MacDermott, convicted in 1883, at the age of nineteen, and sentenced for life in connection with the explosion at the gasometer at Tradeston, Glasgow; Joseph Mullet, James Fitzharris ("Skin the Goat"), and Lawrence Hanlon, convicted for complicity in the Phoenix Park murders; Matthew Mullen and Matthew Kinsella, sentenced for life on a charge of treason-felony in 1881; and Harry Burton, sentenced for life for being connected with the explosions at the Tower, Houses of Parliament, and elsewhere.

THE LIVING FLAG AT ST. PAUL, MINN.

A notable feature of the parade of veteran soldiers in St. Paul, at the recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in that city, was the "living flag" of school children past which the procession marched. The "flag," an illustration of which appears on another page, was practically the same idea which was used last May at the unveiling of the soldiers' monument in New Rochelle, N. Y., and which we illustrated at the time, only it was carried out on a much larger scale. At St. Paul more than two thousand school children were ranged on the stand in the form and colors of the national flag. Along the wide length of the platform two rows of children in white cloaks and toques made one stripe of the flag; then two long rows in red made a red stripe, and so alternately until there were thirteen stripes, and boys and girls in blue formed the blue ground of the banner, while above them rose the stars skillfully arranged, each star in its proper place and to the number of forty-five.

The platform was just in the rear of the new post-office building and immediately on Sixth Street, and in full view of the veterans passing in the line. Each child had been provided with a luncheon, packed out of sight, to be nibbled at in the intermissions. To handle such a crowd of children required no little tact and skill on the part of Professor Congdon, General Smith and the assistants from the other schools and from the gentlemen of the Board of Education, of whom a number had volunteered for the occasion. That they had been drilled to sing with any semblance of time and tune was a high honor to Professor Congdon, their instructor, for such a regiment of children will evince an indifference and restlessness that try the patience and the nerves of those who have them in charge. They sang patriotic songs and cheered, and were cheered by the veterans as the successive divisions passed the spot.

THE DEATH OF JAMES LEWIS.

James Lewis, who for twenty-six years was a leading member of Augustin Daly's Company, died Thursday, September 10, at his home in Westhampton, Long Island. Mr. Lewis was born in Troy in 1840, and when seventeen years old was a clerk in a commercial house, when an accident started him on his long and successful professional career. A young friend, engaged to play a small part in an unpretentious local dramatic performance, was taken ill, and, at short notice, Mr. Lewis took his friend's part in the play.

This marked the beginning of his theatrical career. He traveled through the West and South, and at the outbreak of the war was in Savannah. He was a passenger on the last steamer that was permitted to leave that port. Later he played in Ellsler's Academy of Music in Cleveland and in a Philadelphia theater under the management of John Ellsler. The work in those days was severe and trying, but it bore good fruit. It is told that in one season he studied and played fifty-seven parts. In the same company with him were James O'Neil and Clara Morris. Edwin Booth was one of the stars who appeared in the old Cleveland Academy of Music, and Lewis had an early training in his support in Shakespeare comedy parts.

O'Neil drifted to New York, Clara Morris to Cincinnati, and Lewis to Boston. There he played in the old Boston Museum in that famous stock company in which were William Warren, Mrs. Vincent, Annie Clarke, Kate Denin and James Ring. Mr. Lewis continued playing comedy there, not only in drama, but in opera as well, for he was in the company which played with Caroline Richings in English opera in Boston.

Artemus Ward saw Mr. Lewis in the Museum company and appreciated his superior merits, and he it was who suggested to Augustin Daly to send for Lewis when, twenty-six years ago, Mr. Daly was making up his stock company for the opening of the Fifth Avenue Theater, then on the site now occupied by Hoyt's Theater on West Twenty-fourth Street. Lewis was engaged, playing his first part under Mr. Daly's management in that theater in 1870.

In the Fifth Avenue Theater of twenty-six years ago Mr. Lewis played with Clara Morris again, and others in the company were Fanny Davenport, Kate Claxton, Sarah Jewett, Mrs. Gilbert, George Clarke, George Holland and Louis James. During that engagement Lewis appeared in "Man and Wife," "Saraboga," "Divorce," "Article 47," and in revivals of "The Good-Natured Man" and "Merry Wives of Windsor." He made a complete success in his first New York season. From the Fifth Avenue Theater the Daly Company went to the Broadway—formerly the New York Theater—where the most pronounced success in which Mr. Lewis appeared in was "Alix."

The theater now known as Daly's went under Daly's management in 1879 when Ada Rehan and John Drew joined the company, making, with Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, the "Great Four," as they were affectionately named in London, where Mr. Lewis duplicated his New York success. In the following year Mr. Lewis created scores of parts, in "7-20-8," "The Passing Regiment," "Nancy & Co.," "Love on Crutches," "The Railroad of Love," and others equally familiar. His successes were no less pronounced in the Shakespearean revivals, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," and others.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SAFETY BICYCLE.

"The safety," says a wheelman in the Philadelphia "Record," "owes its origin to the fact that a certain little Englishman had an abnormally short pair of legs and a vaulting ambition to ride the whirling wheel. J. H. Lawson of Coventry, England, is a man of diminutive proportions, with the nether limbs of a four-year-old. About twenty years ago, when the murderous high-wheeled 'ordinary' was in vogue as the only known form of the bicycle, Mr. Lawson became filled with a consuming desire to risk his neck on that perilous machine along with the rest. His short legs barred him out, so he set his wits to work, had an ordinary cut down to suit his own peculiar build, and out of the result was evolved the chain-driven safety, practically the same in principle and construction as the wheels now in use."

THE WOMAN WHO NURSED HEINE.

"Camilla Selden," the woman who nursed Heine, the poet, during the last months of his final illness, has just died. The poet, who gave her the name of "Mouche," addressed to her his last poem, and the letters he wrote to her are most pathetic. "Camilla Selden," whose real name was Elise von Krenitz, published in 1884 a book entitled "Les Derniers Jours de Henri Heine." She latterly resided at Ronen, gaining her livelihood as a teacher of German.

THE WINE OF MANCHURIA.

The wine of Manchuria, in the north of China, has been pronounced by experts as rivaling that of Burgundy and Champagne. For a long time the vine has been cultivated here, but only to obtain dried raisins for the table. In 1893 the first attempt was made to produce from these raisins claret and muscatel wines; the result is so satisfactory that a great commercial house has asked the Chinese Government for the monopoly or sole right to manufacture grape wine.

The request was complied with, by an Imperial decree, and the concessionaries have sent to Austria for a special vine dresser, to take the direction of the new establishment.

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